THE

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1900.

*THEOLOGY AS ONE OF THE NATURAL SCIENCES.**

The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright.—Proverbs xv. 2.

PERHAPS in speaking as a theologian in the presence of those who have devoted themselves to the sciences of Nature, it will not be out of place for me to acknowledge and trace some of the strong and beneficial influences which modern scientific habits of thought are exercising on the study of theology. These influences appear to be working little less than a slow revolution. It is a revolution, however, which does not show on the surface; and in consequence it may easily be obscured by ecclesiastical movements, or, even if noticed, be largely misunderstood. It is not within my power, nor would it be possible to any one within the limits of a sermon, to do more than offer a few reflections on the new and enlarged conception of the method of theology which appears to have grown out of the inductive methods in use in other sciences. To define that new and enlarged conception is at present impossible. The influences are only in their beginning. But it does not seem premature to say that under these influences theology, from the point of view of some of its students, is being transformed into an inductive science, and is slowly acquiring a new solidity in its basis. It is from this point of view that I shall speak of it this morning. This evening I shall speak of some of the reciprocal influences which theology is exercising on science.

---

* A sermon preached in St. Mary's Church, Dover, in September, 1899, during the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

I do not think that the sphere of theology can be technically separated by any verbal boundary from those of philosophy, or of metaphysics, or even of physics. Such definitions may be the last results of study, but are not its starting-point. Theology, which we must not for a moment confuse with religion, is a field of human thought conterminous with many other fields, and passing into them on every side. Its present partial and popular isolation is only provisional and artificial. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why there should not some day be a section, or sub-section, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science devoted to the recording of theological research, and to registering its progress. The *differentia* of theology from other sciences lies, not in its scope, nor in its method, but in the fact that the necessity men seem to be under to seek for a rational explanation of themselves and of their surroundings, and to demand complete unity in this explanation, drives and has always driven the philosophic theologian, as it does not drive all men, to postulate in all forms of energy, as well as in human personality, the presence and action of a Divine indwelling Spirit. Certain spheres of observation and study lend themselves more obviously than others to the suggestion and verification of this hypothesis, and it is these, therefore, which form the chief sphere of theology. Instead, therefore, of attempting any more exact definition, let us consider, first, some of the analogies between the methods of theology and those of its sister sciences.

Like them theology has its speculative and its practical or applied departments; like them it is based on the observation of phenomena only, and professes no esoteric knowledge of the ultimate and the absolute. Like other sciences it claims for its hypotheses nothing more, in the first instance, than a provisional character. Certitude is not a postulate, but a conclusion. Like them it acknowledges itself subject to the limitations of our faculties of knowledge. Other sciences, from the fact of the greater simplicity of their subject-matter, have been somewhat earlier in emancipating themselves from illusory methods, and in recognising their true nature; and they are thus inspiring theology to new efforts at present, and heralding, it may be, new conquests in the future. Theology may again be one day among true sciences, what it once was among their faint foreshadowings, recognised as the *scientia scientiarum*, the queen of the sciences.

This broad statement may, at this moment, seem even paradoxical;

but I do not see that it needs any serious modifications. And there is one immediate consequence that it is important to emphasise. It follows that it is possible for a man to live, to hold office, and to be a teacher of religion, in the Church of England, who is as open-eyed to all difficulties of evidence, and as scrupulously truthful in temper and spirit, as any trained and philosophic investigator in physical science can be, while he uses as rules and principles for the conduct of life the religious generalisations at which experience has arrived. It is possible, no less in theology than in physical science, to desire that no axiom, no received statement, shall pass unquestioned at the proper time and place; and to hold that no statement, however authoritative, can be final, or finally interpreted. The sole desire of the true theologian, as of the physicist, is to arrive at the nearest approximation to ideal truth; but at the same time to express it in such verbal or symbolic form that it may most effectually stimulate and guide each generation of men in pursuing the true ends of life, and lift them in the scale of bodily and spiritual existence.

It would be unnecessary, if I were speaking only to the students of science, even to allude to the mistake which underlies the contrast often made between science and theology, in the saying that science deals with verifiable facts, and theology with unverifiable fancies. The natural philosopher is aware that his aim in all sciences is not simply to ascertain facts and figures; but so to group them as to arrive at theories which connect, and, as we say, explain them. His mind, so far as he is a philosopher, is intent upon hypotheses and theories and analogies which may satisfy his craving to get behind the facts and see them as consequences. Take such examples as the observation of falling stars, or the changes in the spectrum of a new star, or the varieties of a bramble. The facts are of interest to the philosopher solely as subordinate to the end of establishing, it may be only provisionally, some hypothesis as to their origin. Science would be a multitudinous chaos of facts and figures, or a mere set of empirical rules, were it not co-ordinated by theories, which are often incapable of absolute verification, and indeed sometimes based on the most incredible assumptions. Can any one quite believe in atoms with a varying number of hooks, or in that perfectly elastic, ethereal, solid, imponderable jelly which transmits all sorts of waves, light-waves, X-waves, Y-waves, and others? We accept such hypotheses provisionally. Unverifiable fancies, if we like to call provisional hypotheses by this name, are no monopoly of theology; but, as we know, are the essential scaffolding of every

natural science. Encyclopædic knowledge would not be science till it was arranged in some perspective by an imagination which goes beyond the verifiable. Human conduct, human nature, in the same way, cannot be studied without a scaffolding of hypotheses. There is no contrast to be found here between theology and the physical sciences.

Let us now look at some of the close and fundamental analogies between theology and the other sciences.

They are alike subject to the relativity of our knowledge. In physical science we cannot possibly get behind our sensations; they are our only source of knowledge, and our only test of truth. Similarly, no theologian would hesitate to admit that we *know* nothing but the states of our own consciousness, and that inferences from them as to external spiritual influences are subject to the same kind and degree of doubt that attaches to all inferences drawn from sensation as to the reality of matter. We can never prove the reality of matter; but to the idealist, as to the plain man, the hypothesis of that reality is the unquestioned basis of conduct. We rely on it absolutely, we are certain of it; and similarly we can never prove the reality of an external cause for our moral convictions and sentiments, though we trust absolutely to our conclusions from them. For just as sensations are the common experience of men, and lead to the practical belief in the existence of external matter, though a step in the proof will ever be wanting; so the moral convictions of men as to duty and responsibility, though not equally shared by all men, form a sort of universal spiritual sensation, which postulates something outside ourselves. These are the phenomena, or part of the phenomena, on which theology is based. Theologians therefore do exactly what physicists do: they formulate a provisional hypothesis, on which they rest so securely, and act so fearlessly, that they, like physicists, sometimes forget that it is provisional and hypothetical. That hypothesis is that God, the name we give to that spiritual reality outside ourselves, is "not far from every one of us"; that we share His nature, even while our wills are free. To ascertain our relations to God, so far as they are knowable, and to find in them an unfailing ideal and hope and rest, this is the aim of theology. And it is because of the immense mass of human experience which testifies that Jesus Christ has taught men, as no one else has taught them, to realise our relations to God, and gives men that ideal and hope and rest, that we are compelled to think of Him, as St. John did, as the Manifestation of the

Divine Life, and look to Him as the revealer of the Way of Life. Such a faith passes out of the region of hypothesis. In presence of this practical certitude, derived from experience, we may well forget that, in theory, this too is but an inference from experience. "We know in part, and we prophesy in part"; and so it must be until "that which is perfect is come."

There is a further fundamental resemblance between theology and other sciences in the absence of finality, alike in their scope and in their conclusions. Scientific investigation is always enlarging its sphere of observed phenomena; it knows no limitations in its scope. Every new suggestion of a theory opens the eyes to some new and hitherto unnoticed phenomena; it demands new methods or instruments of research; and the new phenomena, now more accurately observed, in their turn modify the theory. Every branch of science would furnish illustrations. But it is no less true in theology, though the truth is less generally recognised.

There is no finality. The effect of a noble and stimulating theology on men is to increase their moral sensitiveness and widen the range of their spiritual experience. The religious consciousness thus quickened perceives new duties, new vistas of nature and truth; breaks down some of its old limitations; draws, in a word, nearer to God; and thus advances its theology. The very purpose of theology is to guide and stimulate the religious thought of every generation of men; the Holy Spirit is ever living and guiding men; Christ is ever living among us; and an earthly or verbal authority which claimed to be final would be a barrier to the growth of the faculties by which man is to be brought nearer to God. Such a claim would relegate theology to the region of antiquarianism, and remove it from all touch either with science or with the true life of men. In true theology there is no finality. The whole history of religion is but an illustration of the truth of this. Even if we were certain that we had in our hands the very words of God, we should hope to grow in our understanding of them.

Again, it may escape the notice of those who only know theology or science in a popular and inaccurate way that they alike admit of every degree of confidence in their provisional conclusions, and that in both the nature of belief and the standards of proof and of truthfulness are, in theory, the same. Even in geometrical science it has been said quite correctly by W. K. Clifford that "the truth which scientific thought arrives at is not that which we can ideally contemplate without error, but that which we may act upon with-

out fear." Not even in geometry can there be either axioms or dogmas or demonstrations which are quite unexceptionable. Mathematicians of an inner circle will know what I mean when I say that the assumption that all right angles are exactly equal, and the proof that the three angles of a triangle are always exactly equal to two right angles, are open to theoretic doubt. They rest on an implied axiom which we, with our limitations, have no means of testing. I need not say that the uncertainty is far greater in statements in physics or biology; and yet we accept conclusions in them with sufficient confidence to act upon them. Now to accept truths as so far trustworthy that we can act upon them without fear, is the best definition that I can suggest for belief. The more thoughtful we grow, the more unwilling we become in any region of thought to say the great word "I believe," if we take that word to express complete intellectual satisfaction with a demonstration; but we do not become more unwilling to accept what we know to be ideally incomplete as a demonstration, if experience shows that we may rely upon it as a guide for action. We cannot, I believe, avoid an element of incertitude in all our knowledge if we look for proof: there is what has been called "a delicately measured gradation of certainty in things." But we cannot always keep in full view this incertitude: we must act; and the profession of belief in a dogma of any kind on which we act is no more than an expression of confidence that that dogma is the safest guide for action that we know. To trust and to teach this is not inconsistent with the most perfect veracity. This is an important element in the Ethics of Conformity.

These reflections suggest a still closer parallelism between theology and the other natural sciences. Each postulates a transcendental and hypothetical machinery, by which the phenomena that it professes to explain are brought about; each has its practical application in action of the kind appropriate to it. Now, in the eyes of the vast majority of men, it is only the practical application that is important. As a basis for action philosophic scepticism and idealism are altogether out of place. The ordinary man is quite unfitted to receive them. And doubtless in theology the insistence on certain machinery, as I have ventured to call it, the insistence, that is, on certain explanations, may have been premature and excessive, and have created a reaction. Most men are unfitted for higher theology. But nothing can ever set men of philosophic mind free from the necessity of prosecuting it, and feeling its great importance.

For the aim of all our theology is to assist every one to give play to the best in him, and to keep down the worst. We therefore try to analyse and isolate the best and the worst; we idealise, we consecrate the best, for in it we touch the ideal good, God Himself: we show the worst as it really is, a loss, a separation from God. We give men the self-respect and stimulus of a manhood that is akin to the Divine; and we try to show the life and sacrifice of our Lord, the path of the Cross, the complete self-devotion to truth and the service of men, as the one way by which that manhood draws nearer to the Divine. *Self-denial is the only path to self-realisation.* What other path has human experience found? "Lord, to whom shall we go?" Thus the work of the theologian passes into the practical work of the teacher of religion.

And if any one is inclined to contrast the ideal theologian as I have sketched him with us as we are seen in our pulpits, I would ask him to think who could be sufficient for the whole of the work which lies before the theology of to-day. For theology must be in closest relations to human life in all its stages, from Presidents of British Associations to dying paupers in workhouses; to men and women of every temperament; from the Athenæum to Exeter Hall; and from the English Church Union to the Society of Friends. Think how the teacher of theology must utilise the sacred associations that cluster round old forms of words and of ritual, how he must recognise that antiquity, familiarity of use and wont, hold the key of the affections and the heart, and yet how he must do all this without laying himself open to the charge of averting his eyes from new truth, or of sanctioning the superstitions which have grown up in a darker age. Think, too, how his teaching must combine picturesqueness and concreteness, so that those who cannot deal in abstractions may be stimulated, yet must never degenerate into materialism and mythology; how purely and nobly good and ideal it must be, and yet how plain and homely and practical; how it must correspond to the common experience of the spiritual faculties in all men, and yet have those individual touches of truth and insight which can alone redeem it from commonplace. Think how sturdy he must be to resist the besetting temptations of all priesthoods, and yet how he must feel the responsibility of his high calling. And, finally, think that if in the humbler walks of physics and biology a generation can produce but a few who can be called philosophers among the many who do useful work, it is not surprising if we do not find in every pulpit, on every Sunday, an ideal

theologian. Regard, I would say, the body of Christian dogma, interpreted by its sanest exponents, as professing to be truths not ideally complete, but a safe guide to a holy life, and is it so far from an ideal?

There is, perhaps, a further resemblance between theology and other sciences, which may suggest the temper in which to approach them, and may strengthen an appeal for patience. We have arrived at our present degree of scientific knowledge by strangely devious paths. Think of the history of astronomy, or of the theory of vision, or of the physiological functions of the obscurer organs of the animal body, or even of the origin of a coral island. It almost seems at times as if the only way to win truth was to exhaust every possible error. Is it wonderful that theologians who are well read in the history of science should wish to see the latest new theory tested by the verdict of time before unreservedly accepting it? No one knows better than the scientific world how much goes into the great rubbish basket of time.

But the errors leave very strong prepossessions in our minds; they affect all our language; it is almost impossible to see things as they are without the imagery which the errors necessitated. How difficult it must have been to change from the geocentric to the heliocentric view of our system; how difficult to get rid of epicycles and vortices; and at this moment how excessively difficult to picture a chemistry that shall not rest provisionally on an atomic hypothesis! Is it wonderful that in theology our minds naturally move on the old and familiar lines, which have impressed themselves on sentiment as well as on language, even though we know all the time that there is a mystery beyond, which this imagery is inadequate to express? The knowledge that there is mystery, and that our imagery is very inadequate, gives a certain confidence and repose and freedom to those who have attained it. We see it in its effects on men. "The truth shall make men free"; but the half-truth, the half-matured, half-realised truth, the truth if conceived as completely expressed by formal definitions and by dogmatic verbal statements, leaves men at once bound and timid. "Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." But neither in theology nor in physical science shall we ever while on earth completely reach that heavenly Jerusalem. "If we understood God," as Jacobi said, "He would be no God at all: and to imagine that God is what we think would be blasphemy." The true theologian will, I think, find an echo of this saying in his own

heart, and he will let his words be few, however deep and absolute his trust.

I can quite understand that men whose studies have lain chiefly in the material sciences will not recognise in the theologian as I have idealised him any strong resemblance to the theologian as they picture him. Many men get their whole conception of the Church's teaching about God and religion in their childhood and boyhood; and the conception given them even then is far more childish and boyish than it need be. The result is inevitable. Theology becomes in the eyes of some such men not the most inspiring but the most infantine of studies: not an eager search for thoughts which shall elevate and guide life, but a barren repetition of phrases, or a superstitious and despicable performance of ceremonial, long ago emptied of all meaning. But such teaching is not necessary, and not universal. Even children and boys may be taught that the early records of the history of Israel teach but a limited conception of a tribal or national God. They can understand how in the age of the prophets, corresponding to the growth of some inner vitality working in them, men found need of a higher expression of God; and how He became in their minds a God of righteousness and justice, an ethical Personality abstracted from the moral laws they experienced working in themselves. They can understand how a still loftier expression of God's relation to man, and the secret of the fuller life, has come into the world with Christ; and how His revelation of the indwelling Spirit is ever leading men on. If this growth in thought is not made a familiar element in teaching to boys and girls, it is no wonder if men and women, left to find it out for themselves, come to call their teachers dishonest or fools.

But it is not only that teaching in all subjects, most of all, and rightly so, in theology, lags behind the theory of knowledge. There is going on, as I said before, a revolution in method. It is so complete as to make it seem as if the very texture of the human mind and the nature of logic were being transformed. We read, as some one has said, Plato's argument for the immortality of the soul with wonder that it could ever have seemed convincing or even relevant. But we have something of the same sort of feeling when we open some of the older books of theology and their countless modern reproductions. We feel that their intellectual processes differ in some way radically from ours; we hesitate and find chasms in logic where they found not even a flaw; formulas were satisfactory and nutritious to them which to us are meaningless and

arid. There is a change in the human mind going on; and what seem to be the chief causes of that change are the growth of inductive habits of thought, and of that evolutionary way of looking at things, which, as the outcome of the working of an indwelling God, was an underlying thought of Greek Christian theology, and has revived in our own day from a wholly different standpoint.

I have laid these thoughts before you, as representatives of British science, not only because the scientific position of the theologian seems to me to need some restatement, but still more because I earnestly hope that two practical inferences may be drawn by yourselves from what I have said. The first inference is that scientific men could do much for the cause of religion, and that means for the highest interest of national life, if they frankly acknowledged the scientific status of theology, and avowed their sympathy and gave their help in the momentous and difficult problems with which it deals. The other is that very much of fresh light and insight and sympathy would flow into the life of any man, who having for whatever reason excluded theology from his interests, deliberately made an effort to see its true nature, and its paramount claims on thoughtful men. "The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright." As in the case of art, or music, or other excellent things, a man is the poorer, the smaller, if he voluntarily continues to shut his ears and eyes to it. Most of all would be the gain to scientific men who are in special danger of being absorbed by details, and losing the whole—of seeing the mechanical, and ignoring the spiritual, in Nature. It may seem to destroy a unity of conception of Nature to admit these spiritual faculties of man. But they will not be suppressed; they ever assert themselves; and it is more philosophic, and it leads to a higher unity, to acknowledge, to welcome them as our best guides.

It is time to conclude. I wish to leave on your minds the impression that in spite of superficial appearances and ecclesiastical crises, theology and the natural sciences are steadily approximating to one another in their methods, and in their hypotheses, and in the certainty of their conclusions. This is at least my belief; and I wish also to express and leave with you the hope that in a region both of faith and of practice far removed from the controversies which are disturbing a fraction of what is called the religious world, the theologian and the man of science are truly at one with pious and sensible men, in humble and reverent faith in God, and in the belief that He has revealed in Christ the Way of Life, that

is, the spirit in which men must live if they are to realise God's purpose for them and have the abundant Life which Christ has brought. We are at one in holding that the stifling of doubts, and the persecution of inquirers, is a sacrilege against the divinest part of our nature. We are at one in thinking that much will remain unknown to us, and in seeing that the most enduring, the most futile, and the most bitter disputes have always turned upon points on which absolute knowledge is impossible, and on which wise men keep silence.

Finally, we are at one in the humble prayer that God will more and more manifest Himself to us; that we may think worthily of that God whom in our darkness we cannot comprehend; and that we may daily renew His image in us, according to the pattern of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, by the indwelling Grace of His Holy Spirit.

JAMES M. WILSON.

ROBERT BROWNING AS A REPRESENTATIVE VICTORIAN POET :—I.*

"BROWNING, a great poet, a very great poet indeed, as the world will have to agree with us in thinking." Such were Landor's prophetic words at a time when the door of England's house of fame was obdurately closed against the subject of our present study. It is an unfortunate fact that Browning's poetry has too long been seized upon as the property of the 'superior person', and that unnecessary emphasis has been laid by the Pharisees of culture on what is recondite in his writings. That the poetry of Browning should have been once regarded as the preserve of an esoteric few, who pitied the dull Philistine who could not understand him, need not however surprise us, when we remember that the strange æsthetic sense of seventy years ago readily bound the laurel wreath round the brows of Moore and Mrs. Hemans, and drove Keats and Shelley into the outer darkness as unworthy of recognition. An age whose critical sense reserved its encomiums for such specimens of the immortal drama as Lord Lytton's *Money*, or Mr. Robertson's *Caste*, or *The Overland Route*, by Tom Taylor, or *The Colonel*, by Mr. Burnard, was not likely to heed *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, or *A*

* A lecture delivered in the College Hall, Trivandrum.

Soul's Tragedy, *Luria*, or *Colombe's Birthday*.. It was heresy to expect that poetry should be given as much serious attention as a scientific lecture by Tyndall or Huxley. The ordinary nineteenth century man of not many years ago, who

> "loved to hear
> A soft pulsation in his easy ear,
> To turn the page, and let his senses drink
> A lay that shall not trouble him to think,"

knew not a more fitting hour for the study of poetry than when, after dinner he stretched himself on his easy chair with a Havana in his mouth, and would willingly have consigned himself to the enticing embrace of Morpheus if he were not afraid of spoiling his night's rest; and if at that witching hour he happened to take up an odd volume of Browning's works left lying about by his crazy son or moonstruck daughter, he naturally selected the shortest poem in the book, say the following lovely little lyric, and before he had read it half way he found himself floundering and gasping, unable to realize its intense beauty.

> "Such a starved bank of moss
> Till that May-morn,
> Blue ran the flash across:
> Violets were born!
>
> Sky—what a scowl of cloud
> Till, near and far,
> Ray on ray split the shroud
> Splendid, a star!
>
> World—how it walled about
> Life with disgrace,
> Till God's own smile came out:
> That was thy face!"

To use his own words, Browning never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game at dominoes to an idle man. It is, however, refreshing to notice that a change has come over the spirit of readers of poetry. Now Browning has been bowed into the house of fame. The once heedless world has begun to realize what a rich and sacred heritage for the people there exists in the pages of Browning; what a wealth of "accents of the Holy Ghost" providing the very light of life for the commonalty there exists in his writings. The poet who has consecrated in poetry humble working men and working women, who has drawn with loving sympathy the portraits of Theocrite and Ivan, Riel and

Valence, Pippa and Pompilia; the poet who teaches that "God's love befalls" the little ragged mill girl "as, in the palace by the Dome, Monsignor," and who preaches the doctrine which when translated into economic terms will gladden the heart of even the socialist:

> "All service ranks the same with God:
> ——God's puppets, best and worst,
> Are we; there is no last nor first;"

the poet to whom in God's scheme 'great' and 'small' are incapable of differentiation, and to whom the lowliest of God's creatures is "just as great, no doubt, useful to men, and dear to God" as the highest among them; the poet whose writings teach that "progress is the law of life," and that "not till all mankind alike is perfected, equal, in full blown powers," can man's general infancy be said to have begun; and who in more than one poem has praised the ethical significance of conflict, cannot fail to have a powerful attraction for an essentially democratic age. Of all the Victorian poets none is more democratic, more cosmopolitan, more free from provincialism, than Robert Browning.

The Victorian age is the age of steam and electricity. It is the age that has witnessed the most expansive and triumphant spirit of the British race. It is the age that has witnessed the tireless energy of Great Britain in opening out new continents and building up new empires. It is the age in which in addition to the dominion of the seas, which Great Britain has long held, the British nation has taken up every bit of land that is worth having either for colonization or for trade, and has secured all the vantage spots of all the continents, whether by actual annexation or by the method of sphere of influence, so as to leave practically nothing for other people. It is the age that has witnessed Stanley's travels in what has now ceased to be 'darkest Africa' as well as the signal victory at Omdurman, and has beheld Lord Kitchener's triumphant march to Khartoum. It is pre-eminently the age of triumph for the British people, whose world-conquering energy has acquired, to quote the words of Lord Rosebery "so enormous a mass of territory that it will be years before you can settle it or control it or make it capable of defence, or make it amenable to the arts of your administration." The tendency to cosmopolitanism that salt water, the supremacy over which is acknowledged to be the natural birthright of Great Britain, possesses, has been accelerated by the enormous expansion of Greater Britain during the Victorian era. Owing, therefore, to

historical reasons, the insularity with which Englishmen have been charged, has ceased to be a characteristic of the typical Victorian Englishman; and Robert Browning, who like a true poet shows in himself "the age and body of the time, his form and pressure," is essentially cosmopolitan. Indeed cosmopolitanism ran in his veins. His father, who came from the south-west of England, was an official in the Bank of England, the commercial centre of the globe. His mother was of Scottish and German origin; while his father's mother was a Creole of the West Indies. The poet, with so many strains of blood in his veins, was himself a Londoner, a citizen of the great metropolis of the world. He was born in 1812, just three years before the epoch-making battle of Waterloo, which concluded a period of the severest tension in the political history of modern Europe, during which the political existence of the Powers necessitated the obliteration, for a time, of political provincialism and the formation of a strong coalition of the military forces of Europe against the most ambitious soldier of modern times. Having regard, therefore, to his parentage and the date of his birth, Browning was a born cosmopolitan; and his sympathies, too, as seen in his works, embrace almost the whole world and all the ages. To the novelists of Browning's date it was a source of intense amusement that anybody should be so ridiculous as to be born a Frenchman or a German or an Italian. But for Robert Browning humanity that was worth studying existed even beyond the hoary seas that circumscribed his native islands. To his wife,—"the lyric love, half angel and half bird," who was, as he says elsewhere,

> "The dearest poet I ever knew,
> Dearest and greatest and best to me"—

he writes in dedicating to her his *Men and Women*:

> "Love, you saw me gather men and women,
> Live or dead, or fashioned by my fancy,
> Enter each and all, and use their service,
> Speak from every mouth the speech—a poem."

The men and women that he has immortalized in his poems are drawn from all nationalities and from all times. "Mine be man's thoughts, loves, hates," he exclaims without formulating any limitation of time or space,

> "Man's thoughts and loves and hates!
> Earth is my vineyard, these grow there."

And in the vintage of his extensive vineyard he has provided human interest for his readers as no other poet except Shakespeare has done. Referring to Browning's portrait gallery, Mr. Symons writes: "He has found and studied humanity not only in English towns and villages, in the glare of gas light and under the open sky, but on the Roman Campagna, in Venetian gondolas, in Florentine streets, on the Boulevards of Paris and the Prado of Madrid, in the snow-bound forests of Russia, beneath the plains of Persia, and upon Egyptian sands, on the coasts of Normandy and the salt plains of Brittany, among Druses and Arabs and Syrians, in brand new Boston, and amidst the ruins of Thebes." Besides the testimony to his cosmopolitanism borne by the infinite variety of distinct human types that he has created, there is another very important circumstance that brings to prominence the same characteristic. There is scarcely an important period in the history of the modern world that has not been drawn by Browning with the same vital sympathy with which he has drawn his human characters. To quote Mr. Symons again: "Passing by the legendary and undeveloped ages and civilizations of East and West, he has painted the first dawn of the modern spirit in the Athens of Sokrates and Euripides, revealed the whole temper and tendency of the twilight age between Paganism and Christianity, and recorded the last utterance of the last apostle of the now conquering creed; he has distilled the very essence of the middle ages and the Renaissance and the very essence of the modern world." It has been said that the "best poetry is that which reproduces the most of life," and Browning's works, which form a literature in themselves, are the richest, healthiest, and most varied of modern times. The men and women that his poetic imagination has created are as varied as life and as multifarious as nature or society has made them; while the moods that he has delineated cover the whole extent of human interest, and the whole range of human passion. His world-wide sympathies co-existed with feeling for the common folk. Many of his best characters are drawn from the lower grades of society. His most perfect creation, the finest female character he has drawn, is Pompilia, the reputed daughter of Pietro and Violante Comparini. In her centres the interest of the largest aud greatest of Browning's works, *The Ring and the Book,* in which the high-water mark of his genius is reached. She is unsurpassed by any creation of any other poet. Her childlike simplicity and innocence, her meekness and submission to every

thing except sin, her unmerited sufferings, her patient fortitude, and her holy confidence in God render her one of the most pathetic figures in literature. Here is the aged Pope's estimate of the sweet girl of just seventeen years and five months.

"First of the first,
Such I pronounce Pompilia, then as now
Perfect in whiteness: stoop thou down, my child,
Give one good moment to the poor old Pope
Heart-sick at having all his world to blame—
Let me look at thee in the flesh as erst,
Let me enjoy the old clean linen garb,
Not the new splendid vesture! Armed and crowned,
Would Michael, yonder, be, nor crowned nor armed,
The less pre-eminent angel? Everywhere
I see in the world the intellect of man,
That sword, the energy his subtle spear,
The knowledge which defends him like a shield—
Everywhere; but they make not up, I think,
The marvel of a soul like thine, earth's flower
She holds up to the softened gaze of God!
It was not given Pompilia to know much,
Speak much, to write a book, to move mankind,
Be memorized by who records my time.
Yet if in purity and patience, if
In faith held fast despite the plucking fiend,
Safe like the signet stone with the new name
That saints are known by,—if in right returned
For wrong, most pardon for worst injury,
If there be any virtue, any praise—
Then will this woman-child have proved—who knows?—
Just the one prize vouchsafed unworthy me,
Seven years a gardener of the untoward ground,
I till,—this earth, my sweat and blood manure
All the long day that barrenly grows dusk:
At least one blossom makes me proud at eve
Born 'mid the briers of my enclosure! Still
(Oh, here as elsewhere, nothingness of man!)
Those be the plants, imbedded yonder South
To mellow in the morning, those made fat
By the master's eye, that yield such timid leaf,
Uncertain bud, as product of his pains!
While—see how this mere chance-sown cleft-nursed seed
That sprung up by the wayside 'neath the foot
Of the enemy, this breaks all into blaze,
Spreads itself, one wide glory of desire
To incorporate the whole great sun it loves
From the inch-height whence it looks and longs! My flower,

My rose, I gather for the breast of God,
This I praise most in thee, where all I praise,
That having been obedient to the end
According to the light allotted, law
Prescribed thy life, still tried, still standing test,—
Dutiful to the foolish parents first,
Submissive next to the bad husband,—nay,
Tolerant of those meaner miserable
That did his hests, eked out the dole of pain—
Thou, patient thus, couldst rise from law to law,
The old to the new, promoted at one cry
O' the trump of God to the new service, not
To longer bear, but henceforth fight, be found
Sublime in new impatience with the foe!
Endure man and obey God: plant firm foot
On neck of man, tread man into the hell
Meet for him, and obey God all the more!
Oh child that didst despise thy life so much
When it seemed only thine to keep or lose,
....
....Go past me,
And get thy praise,—and be not far to seek
Presently when I follow if I may!"

To have been Pompilia's poet is sufficient to accord to Browning a very high place among the democratic poets of the century. Again, the motive form of the most perfect, the most artistically symmetrical of Brownings's works, hinges on a poor ragged girl, at work, all the year round save one day, at the silk mills at Asalo, in the north of Italy. A refrain sung by the poor child, who has resolved to enjoy her single holiday to the utmost possible extent, affects men and women to whom she is an utter stranger, at critical moments in their life history, when they are playing at dice with the devil, and determines their actions and fashions their destinies. Her intense happiness at the dawn of her only holiday, new year's day, is described with the most exquisite charm and beauty in the glorious strains of music that burst from her lips as she springs out of bed.

"Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim,
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,

Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.
Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
(Be they grants thou art bound to or gifts above measure)
One of thy choices or one of thy chances,
(Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks at thy pleasure)
—— My Day, if I squander such labour or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

Thy long blue solemn hours serenely flowing,
Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help and good—
Thy fitful sunshine-minutes, coming, going,
As if earth turned from work in gamesome mood—
All shall be mine! But thou must treat me not
As prosperous ones are treated, those who live
At hand here, and enjoy the higher lot,
In readiness to take what thou wilt give,
And free to let alone what thou refusest;
For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
Me, who am only Pippa,——old year's sorrow,
Cast off last night, will come again to-morrow:
Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's sorrow.
All other men and women that this earth
Belongs to, who all days alike possess,
Make general plenty cure particular dearth,
Get more joy one way, if another, less:
Thou art my single day, God lends to leaven
What were all earth else, with a feel of heaven,—
Sole light that helps me through the year, thy sun's!"

One other instance must here suffice to show how the democratic movement in literature is manifest in the pages of Browning. Those who have read his *Christmas Eve* cannot fail to appreciate the sympathy that lingers over the poor wrecks of humanity who crowd into the chapel—"the fat weary woman panting and bewildered"; "the many-tattered, little, old-faced, peaking sister-turned-mother of the sickly babe she tried to smother somehow up, with its spotted face, from the cold, on her breast, the one warm place"; the 'female something' in dingy satins, "with lips as much too white as a streak lay far too red in each hollow cheek"; "the tall yellow man . . . . .with his jaw bound up in a handkerchief and eyelids screwed together tight"; the "shoemaker's lad with wizened face in want of soap and with a wet apron wound round his waist": specimens of humanity which the poets of a century ago would have refused to

recognize as having the slightest right to claim notice from the favoured mortals that walk the Parnassian heights.

I have tried to show how the cosmopolitan and the democratic tendencies of the Victorian era are illustrated in Browning's writings. There is another very important literary movement which has very strongly asserted itself during the last half century—the movement of realism. The whole tendency of the latter half of this century has been pre-eminently realistic. The chains binding us to realism are riveted faster every day. While curiously enough other poets have remained outside this movement, Browning was not only in it but for some time was even in advance of it. His great aim, like that of Dickens and other contemporary writers of prose fiction, was to represent life and character as they really are. It is a well known fact that the history of literature during this century has been a history of revolts; the barrier of conventionalism has been broken, now in one particular, now in another, so that there is a very great difference between the conception of the functions of literature as understood in the eighteenth century and the conception of this century. In recent prose literature there is a pronounced tendency to present human nature with fearless truthfulness; to dissect pitilessly the characters and motives of human beings, to subject their minds to a process of psychological analysis, to reject nothing that man, woman, or child has been, done, or suffered, or can be, do, or suffer, as devoid of interest for the artist; and it was reserved for Browning to introduce the tendency into poetry and ultimately to surcharge it with the spirit of realism. To him the poet was

> "The town's true master if the town but knew!
> We merely kept a governor for form,
> While this man walked about and took account
> Of all thought, said, and acted, then went home
> And wrote it fully to our Lord the King."

Whether he writes about the sixteenth century bishop ordering his tomb or his nineteenth century successor chatting over his wine, it is truth that he depicts. Referring to Browning's poem—*The Bishop Orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's Church*,—Ruskin writes in his *Modern Painters*: "Robert Browning is unerring in every sentence he writes of the middle ages, always vital, right, and profound; so that in the matter of art, with which we have been specially concerned, there is hardly a principle connected with the mediæval temper that he has not struck upon in those

seemingly careless and too rugged lines of his." Ruskin here quotes the seventy lines from "As here I lie" to "Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his need," and then continues: "I know no other piece of modern English prose or poetry in which there is so much told as in these lines of the Renaissance spirit—its worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, ignorance of itself, love of art, of luxury, and of good Latin. It is nearly all that I have said of the central renaissance in thirty pages of the *Stones of Venice* put into as many lines, Browning's also being the antecedent work." As a study in human nature, this poem, it has been said, is pregnant with all the concentrated truth and all the biting realism of a scene from the *Comédie Humaine* of Balzac, whom Browning resembles in the fearlessness and subtlety of his psychology. This intense realism, however, colours the entire mass of Browning's works, from the smallest dramatic lyric to *The Ring and the Book*, a poem of 21,116 lines, that is, 2171 lines longer than Pope's *Homer's Iliad.* His aim has been throughout to keep poetry in touch with not merely the life of the imagination but life in general. Besides illustrating the strong realism of Browning's poetry, *The Bishop Orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's Church* also affords a good illustration of metrical fluctuation depending upon the intensity of the passion tone. In this poem, as in many others, Browning's verse throbs with every varying passion, now rising from depth to height, now falling from height to depth, now level and smooth, now rough and turbulent. This is one of Browning's unique achievements. I cannot stop to quote passages where the rhythm trembles in accord with the emotion of the speaker; but I will content myself with referring you to the most thrilling and passionate piece of blank verse written by Browning, the speech of Caponsacchi, the priest who assisted Pompilia in her flight from her husband to her supposed parents. It is the sixth book of *The Ring and the Book*, and if reading it, especially the appeals in Pompilia's defence, you fail to be impressed with the thrill of emotion and the corresponding quiver of the measure, you may give up all attempt at discovering the relation between passion and rhythm.

Browning's intense love of realism has created for his readers some fresh fields of poetry invested with a peculiar charm. He does not, like most poets, sink the individual in the universal. He concerns himself with individual man and man, and not with the species. He selects a character, however uninteresting, and places him in some revealing situation, in a crisis where his essential nature may be

brought out. A sudden test is applied, and out flashes the truth in a single moment. "The poetry of Robert Browning," says Walter Pater, "is pre-eminently the poetry of situations." We may therefore naturally expect passion rather than the conventional mild sentiment in his poetry. To take an illustration, the subject of unrequited lòve has produced more effusions of sickly sentiment than any other theme; but just see how Browning utilizes it. Feast your senses on his wealth of love lyrics, such as *The Lost Mistress, Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli, Evelyn Hope, A Woman's Last Word, A Serenade at the Villa, The Last Ride Together, One Way of Love, Another Way of Love, Love in a Life, Life in a Love, Love among the Ruins,*—the list is really inexhaustible—and then say whether you will have the sick sentimentality and the disloyal and contemptible whining over blighted hopes and slighted hearts which other poets have written, or the picture of love as the completeness of self-surrender, which when not requited bears up with noble resignation, without even a touch of despair. Here is *The Lost Mistress,* which is among the noblest and healthiest of the lyrics in the literature of love.

"All's over, then: does truth sound bitter
  As one at first believes?
Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter
  About your cottage eaves!

And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly,
  I noticed that, to-day;
One day more bursts them open fully
  —You know the red turns grey.

To-morrow we meet the same, then, dearest?
  May I take your hand in mine?
Mere friends are we,—well, friends the merest
  Keep much that I resign:

For each glance of the eye so bright and black,
  Though I keep with heart's endeavour,—
Your voice, when you wish the snowdrops back,
  Though it stay in my soul for ever!—

Yet I will but say what mere friends say,
  Or only a thought stronger;
I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
  Or so very little longer!"

Read along with this *One Way of Love,* a lyric which, in the words of Mr. Symons, is "rich with restrained pathos and quiet keen tension of feeling."

"All June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside? Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die?
The chance was they might take her eye.

How many a month I strove to suit
The stubborn fingers to the lute!
To-day I venture all I know.
She will not hear my music? So!
Break the string; fold music's wing,
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learned to love,
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion—heaven or hell?
She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well
Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they!"

And read also *The Last Ride Together,* one of the noblest love lyrics in the language, where every line quivers with passion and every verse glows with dramatic intensity.

"I said—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,
Since this was written and needs must be—
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness!
Take back the hope you gave,—I claim
Only a memory of the same,
—And this beside, if you will not blame,
Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers;
Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
When pity would be softening through,
Fixed me a breathing-while or two
With life or death in the balance: right!
The blood replenished me again;
My last thought was at least not vain:
I and my mistress, side by side,
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I deified.
Who knows but the world may end to-night?"

Now say if you do not feel nerved and elevated. Even a careless perusal of Browning's love-poems will disclose the inexhaustible

wealth and variety of his melody. However attractive these poems may be, we have no time to consider them in detail; but before I ask you to glance at anthor class of Browning's poèms, allow me just to say a word about *Evelyn Hope* and the conviction it embodies in a concrete form. It is the lament of a man by the death-bed of a girl whom he has loved unknown to her.

> " Sixteen years old when she died!
>   Perhaps she has scarcely heard my name;
> It was not her time to love; beside,
>   Her life had many a hope and aim,
> Duties enough and little cares,
>   And now was quiet, now astir,
> Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
>   And the sweet white brow is all of her.
>
> Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
>   What, your soul was pure and true,
> The good stars met in your horoscope,
>   Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
> And just because I was thrice as old
>   And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
> Each was nought to each, must I be told?
>   We were fellow mortals, nought beside?"

But does not God create the love to reward the love and is there not another life beyond?

> " So hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep:
> See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
> There, that is our secret: go to sleep!
> You will wake, and remember, and understand."

This is one of the poet's deepest convictions. He does not regard death as the end of life, nor, therefore, of love. The strength of his spiritual passion and the intensity of his serene hope are well depicted in *Never the Time and the Place,* one of his 'Jocoseria'. It is supposed to be written as a husband dreams of his loved one lying in her grave, and death and doubt seem to mock him.

> "Never the time and the place
> And the loved one all together!"

But mark how he closes.

> " O enemy sly and serpentine,
> Uncoil thee from the waking man!
>   Do I hold the Past
>   Thus firm and fast
> Yet doubt if the Future hold I can?
> This path so soft to pace shall lead

Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed!
Or narrow if needs the house must be,
Outside are the storms and strangers: we—
Oh, close, safe, warm sleep I and she,
——I and she!"

The idea of renunion even where there have been grievous faults, is emphasized again in the epilogue to *Fifine at the Fair.*

"Savage I was sitting in my house, late, lone:
Dreary, weary with the long day's work:
Head of me, heart of me, stupid as a stone:
Tongue-tied now, now blaspheming like a Turk;
When, in a moment, just a knock, call, cry,
Half a pang and all a rapture, there again were we!—
"What, and is it really you again?" quoth I:
"I again, what else did you expect?" quoth She."

Browning is emphatically the poet of love. But love, as he conceived it, is not a "drowning life besotted in sweet self." To him a life in the greenwood or in some gold-roofed, silk-walled palace away from the outer world has no charm. The proper sphere of love's action lies in the life of the people in the crowded city. Such is the significance of the following delicate song in *Ferishtah's Fancies*:—

"Round us the wild creatures, overhead the trees,
Underfoot the moss tracks,—life and love with these!
I to wear a fawn-skin, thou to dress in flowers:
All the long lone Summer-day, that greenwood life of ours!

Rich pavilioned, rather,—still the world without,—
Inside—gold-roofed, silk-walled silence round about!
Queen it thou on purple,—I, at watch and ward
Couched beneath the columns, gaze, thy slave, love's guard!

So, for us no world? Let throngs press thee to me!
Up and down amid men, heart by heart fare we!
Welcome squalid vesture, harsh voice, hateful face!
God is soul, souls I and thou: with souls should souls have place."

Love is the motive force of action. It illumines life devoted to noble effort for the good of mankind.

"O world as God made it. All is beauty;
And knowing this is love, and love is duty."

Without love, without its inspiring action, the world would be a blank:

"Wanting is—what?
Summer redundant,

Blueness abundant,
——Where is the blot?
Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,
——Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
What of the leafage, what of the flower?
Roses embowering with nought they embower!
Come then, complete incompletion, O comer,
Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer!
Breathe but one breath
Rose-beauty above,
And all that was death
Grows life, grows love,
Grows love!"

K. G. SESHA AIYAR.

THE FOUNDATION OF MORALS :—III.*

As reason is the supreme test of truth in speculation, utility has come to be the practical test of knowledge and action. Knowledge of any kind is seen to be worth having only as its use and function are made evident. Religion and morality can pass unchallenged only as their function and utility are proved. It will not do now to say that scientific knowledge furthers intellectual life, as it is itself the outcome of the cultivation of the intellect; nor to say that religion and morality by kindling the emotions, develop humanity. Nay, the very life we are living, which is the condition of there being any knowledge or action at all, is questioned as to its utility. The utility for which men clamour on every side is none other than happiness. The world has grown too practical. It is no wonder, then, that the practical man asks us to show the advantages of being philosophic, scientific, moral, or religious. The advantages should be nothing less than to have a fair start in life, to contract a happy marriage and amass riches wherewith to gratify one's own passions and desires, and enable his children and children's children to do the same. The theory of utilitarianism in morals owes its extreme popularity to its central conception of happiness.

To the first of our two questions,—How are we moral?—the answer

* A lecture delivered in the College Hall, Trivandrum.

of utilitarianism is that we are moral as we advance the end of universal happiness; and to the second,—Why should we be moral by striving to realise universal happiness?—the answer is, because every man seeks his own happiness by a law of his nature. Utilitarianism, then, requires every individual to minimise and if possible totally to relieve the misery, and positively to realise the greatest happiness, of the greatest number; and as such is nothing more nor less than the principle of universal benevolence, pure and disinterested. No theory, perhaps, can be more philanthropic in its scope and aim, and no ideal higher and more inspiring than the utilitarian. Though it speaks of happiness, it is the happiness not of the individual but of all mankind that is referred to. The utilitarian theory calls, as much as any other moral theory, for the most heroic sacrifices, on the part of the individual; and yet it has been often and successfully opposed by a different school of philosophy. The worst that can be said of it is that it is unphilosophic as a system of morals, and nothing can be more fatal to a system which professes to be philosophic.

That which seems the strongest point in utilitarianism is really its weakest. It is supposed that this theory, above all, assigns the most convincing reason for the practical man to be moral, and affords therefore the best sanction for the moral ideal. To the practical man, who sees everything in and through himself, who regards his own personality as the centre of his universe of action, the highest morality is wide of his rational aim, and even the utilitarian ideal above set forth is surely disappointing; for if happiness is a rational end at all, it is one's own happiness that appears to the individual as such, a fact not disputed by the utilitarians themselves. Such a rational being cannot be made to deviate into morality which has for its ideal universal happiness, unless there is the sure prospect of some definite personal gain; and it is such a rational constitution that is made the groundwork of morals by the utilitarian moralist. Since personal happiness and universal happiness occupy the opposite poles of human experience, the attempt is made to make extremes meet. The utilitarians promise that the morality of the individual, which consists in the promotion of general happiness, is the surest means to his own happiness: that the individual will be happy, shall be happy, when he makes others happy. But what if he is not happy at times? What if he has to speak the truth to his own greatest detriment, to be benevolent, obliging, and honest to his own pre-

judice? The utilitarian assigns a reason why he should not swerve from morality even then—even occasionally; for by so doing he would by incurring the suspicion, distrust, and disregard of his fellows bring on his head lifelong injury vastly greater than the slight present harm which he seeks to avoid. But this consequence is to be feared only in case of detection, I suppose. What if the individual is so clever as to seem to be moral in the eye of the public and gains his ends by foul means, if necessary, without detection? Probably it will be said that the devil will be out some day. But a cunning devil, I believe, need not be out any day. It is no doubt true that in the generality of cases, virtue means prosperity and vice, adversity; but it is also true that in exceptional cases vice prospers and virtue is damned. Yet virtue is virtue, and vice always vice, for all that, independently of consequences, and utilitarians are not slow to recognise this fact. But they must be prepared to abide by the consequences of their appeal to the sensitive, and, according to them, also rational, nature of man. They cannot find fault with the man who would be so prudent as to be moral only in those cases in which he would be positively benefited. But they do; for they also are strict moralists who would rather sacrifice their logic of consistency than violate the purity and integrity of morals. They are as rigorous and unflinching in their exactions from the individual for the sake of general welfare as other moralists. The reasoning of utilitarians is cogent but not convincing, as the last link in it breaks off from experience. As long as a wide gulf intervenes between individual and general happiness, and until utilitarians succeed in fusing benevolence into selfishness, rational beings will continue to move along their own lines, which often, if not always, diverge far from the moral. Some dogmatically assert the perfect identity of the interests of the individual and the community. Others like Mill, alive to the conflict of interests between man and man low in the scale of being, find it possible eventually to establish perfect harmony, only as men are lifted up higher and higher, on the ladder of life, by constantly appealing to their better and higher nature. Men who have sufficiently cultivated sympathy, and developed the higher emotional life in them, will see that the happiness realised from the free indulgence of the moving passions of such life, is far more real and genuine than, and in quality superior to, the seeming happiness of those who grovel in the depths below; indulging in mere sensual gratifications. It is such an intrinsically

higher kind of happiness that is enjoyed by all virtuous people alike, and is alone promised to the individual who cares to be virtuous, for which all will have to wait and hope, until they develope their better selves. But this presents such a thorough change of front that the aspect of utilitarianism is entirely changed.

Unlike the staunch utilitarians of the type of Bentham, according to whom happiness is one, may be greater or less, but not higher or lower, may vary in amount but not in kind, Mill, agreeably to commonsense, and I believe consistently with truth, draws a distinction between two kinds of happiness—a higher, resulting exclusively from virtuous or benevolent conduct, and a lower, flowing from sensual gratifications. If I may restrict the application of terms which pass for synonymous, to avoid confusion, I would designate the former happiness, and the latter pleasure. Adopting the above distinction, the individual who by his morality promotes the general happiness, gains happiness but not pleasure. To examine the adequacy of the sanction proposed, we have still to ask, Which is naturally the more powerful motive with the individual, happiness or pleasure? According as the former or the latter proves the more powerful, the individual leans to the side of virtue or of vice; for happiness, far from coinciding with pleasure, has often to be obtained at the sacrifice of it. Happiness is the more powerful motive with those who are already virtuous, and pleasure the more powerful with the non-virtuous, not to say immoral. The moral philosopher has to apply the lever to the latter kind of people to lift them higher up on the plane of morals. How can he do it, when happiness does not reach them and pleasure does not elevate them? Who will be pleased to forego present recurring pleasures or will have the patience to wait for a happiness of which he has not the dimmest conception—a happiness which he could not relish until he be thoroughly confirmed in a virtuous disposition? Supposing that happiness incident to benevolence is a sufficient motive to altruistic conduct, we have yet to find another sanction for personal morality which embraces all virtues and duties regarding self; for I do not suppose that this aspect of morality has been or can be overlooked by utilitarianism. The sanction according to most utilitarians is still happiness, certainly not the higher kind of happiness specified by Mr. Mill, but the pleasure of physical well-being. The virtues of purity and temperance practised while young, ensure health in old age, and prevent bodily ailments. The duties of preserving one's life, and of

procreation are duly fulfilled only for the pleasure resulting from the satisfaction or for the pain accompanying the non-satisfaction of certain cravings and appetites. We see, then, that there are two departments of morality, with two distinct principles, self-love and benevolence, each with its separate sanction. The utilitarians will hardly admit this conclusion; for their attempt has always been to find one principle and one sanction. The natural sanction being the most powerful is regarded also as the rational, and the attempt is made to show that the happiness incident to the virtue of benevolence is as powerful a motive, and as natural a sanction, as the pleasure which makes man naturally fulfil certain functions of life. I need hardly point out that such an attempt is necessarily futile, as it is an attempt to contradict the stern realities of life. It would be a more rational and fruitful attempt to make the happiness of virtue as powerful and as natural a motive, by proper discipline, as the sensual pleasures generally.

Dr. Bain would remind us at this point that when the motive to morality is said to be pleasure, it includes pain as well. While pleasure moves us on towards the right, pain deters us from the wrong. Two forces are constantly in operation on man to make him moral, the one leading the van, the other bringing up the rear. The powerful social sanction and yet more potent governmental sanction are constituent elements of happiness which afford a perfect rational sanction for morality. These are living influences that work for good. But it is indeed a strange view of happiness that would include these elements under it, when we are in quest of a sanction that is properly moral—a rational sanction which when given will secure the assent of all rational men to the necessity, propriety, immutability, and universality of the moral laws, without any fear of punishment or hope of reward from any externally constituted authority. When we are trying to find a rational and ultimate justification for the moral laws, to which we are subject, it is irrelevant to point out that they will be obeyed—shall be obeyed—under fear of penalty from society or the state. As surely as every man has to justify his conduct in any given case or his rules of conduct generally, society and the state, though in a sense above the law, have to justify the laws promulgated and enforced by them—have to satisfy reason in its free inquiry, before efficient methods of execution are devised and resorted to. A despotic arbitrary government is highly unstable, and this is no less true of the moral government of the universe. We might dispense

with moral philosophy altogether, if society and the state were perfectly rational in their dictates and had the most efficient control over the conduct of individuals—both of which are questionable. To err is human; and society no less than the state is a human organisation. At best both are more rational than arbitrary, and succeed more in producing mere external conformity to the rules enacted and revised from time to time, with the help of external sanctions. They furnish a sufficiently strong bulwark against wrongs and crimes, and prevent society from returning to a state of anarchy, primitive barbarism, and brutality. The stability of a society which is maintained exclusively by such contrivances as these will not be a lasting one—they may be upset even under slightly unfavourable conditions by the vicious element in human nature, which has very great power when not held in check by the reason of man. Duties may be fulfilled under external compulsion, but not virtues. Society and the state have no control over the purses, much less over the sympathies, of private individuals. We must make a man see before we direct him along the path of virtue. It is extremely uncharitable to keep a man blind, ignorant of what he is about, or where he is, and push him from behind, beating and kicking him whenever his faltering and trembling steps, taken under the influence of some predominant passion, lead him in the wrong direction.

An account of the social sanction of honour and dishonour, and the state sanction of punishment and reward is indispensable in treating of moral philosophy, but not in this connection.

From the above discussion as to the nature of the utilitarian sanction, it is evident that there is a fundamental split in the camp of utilitarianism. While the rigorous utilitarians try to establish the unity of human nature, by levelling the higher down to the lower, recognising a single principle of action with its natural sanction, the liberal school represented by Mill, in admitting the distinction in kind, of happiness, unconsciously emphasize the duality of human nature, with its self-interest and benevolence. This is precisely the conclusion we arrived at previously by an examination of commonsense morality. The greatest possible happiness, for each and for all, the ideal of utilitarians, can be attained only by harmonizing and balancing the two principles of man's nature that have been discovered by analysis. If the duality is not admitted, how is the higher kind of happiness to be distinguished from the lower? Mill would say they are distinguished in the

enjoyment. But it is not all who have the privilege of enjoying both, the higher kind of happiness being the exclusive property of the few who have sufficiently developed their higher nature. The real ground of the distinction between the two kinds of happiness is the original difference in the antecedent conditions of both. The principle of benevolence is essentially different from self-love, and as truly original to man, though naturally not as powerful. If the one is rational because natural, the other is none the less so, for the same reason. I do not deny that while the two kinds of happiness presuppose the twofold nature of man, it is possible to define such twofold nature itself in terms of happiness; but only require that the range of happiness should then be limited by the condition of fulfilment of life-functions. Happiness in the most general sense may be defined as an agreeable condition of mind consequent on the proper fulfilment of life-functions in the most general sense prompted by certain primary appetites, cravings, and desires, and on the gratification of numerous secondary cravings and desires, which crop up in their train, as the resultant happiness, by reacting on consciousness, becomes a powerful motive with the individual. If we restrict the term happiness to mean the pleasure arising from the gratification of cravings, physical, intellectual, and emotional, subservient to the several functions of man, individual and social, to the exclusion of secondary cravings of a sensual kind, we might indifferently regard the man that pursues such happiness as moral, and one that is moral, by pursuing such happiness only, as a pleasure-seeker.

If the utilitarian sanction is inadequate, the utilitarian ideal is indefinite. The ultimate end of morality is universal happiness; and the criterion of moral conduct is its conduciveness to that end. Although the notion of happiness is clear to every one, it is highly uncertain in its signification. It may mean indiscriminately pleasures of the fine arts, of the tavern and the gambling house, of the gratification of the mere animal cravings, of intellectual pursuits, the complacence of a moral life, the equanimity and contentment of well-balanced minds, which are dead to the pleasures and pains of this life and the happiness of wealth, rank, and power. On the utilitarian principle, happiness covers the whole range of pleasures which are least mixed up with pain, which can be enjoyed without the prospect of future pain, taking into account the whole duration of a life-time. Grant that it is possible to select from the above list some pleasures which cost the least pain—although it is generally

hard to find a pleasure not preceded or succeeded by some pain—does the utilitarian end become definite? It is only a just demand that happiness should bear the same definite signification when viewed as the end of the individual and of society, especially as some utilitarians allow the agent to pursue his own happiness, while promoting the general welfare. The highest happiness which it is rational for the individual to seek is that incident to virtue. If so, the highest general happiness of society, which it is the duty of the individual to promote, may also well be that which is incident to virtue. Happiness incident to virtue can be realised by the individual and the aggregate of individuals only as they all become moral. The promotion of happiness thus comes to be the moralisation of society, by the development of virtuous character in the individuals. Thus the utilitarian principle, on a certain assumption, readily lends itself to the interpretation of intuitional moralists who set up perfection of character alike in the individual and society as the supreme end of morality. But this is not utilitarianism. Are we, then, to take the happiness of others, which it is the duty of the individual to realize, in a sense different from that in which the highest happiness is a legitimate end of pursuit for him? Certainly, if we would take utilitarianism as utilitarianism. In the utilitarian system, then, pleasure considered as the sanction of morality, is used in two different senses in the sphere of personal and social morality; and happiness, considered as the end, also has to be taken to mean two distinct experiences, in two different connections.

Let me try to make the meaning of happiness clear by a few instances. Is the utilitarian, if he is rich, to help the poor to contract marriages, by defraying their marriage expenses? Is he to give grand feasts as often as he can to his neighbours, who would be extremely happy to participate in them? Is he to build in place of the huts of the poor, houses in a fashionable style, where they would be highly delighted to dwell? Is he to give frequent drives in his carriage to such of his neighbours as desire and wish for them? Is he to give frequent musical entertainments and fill the ears of the people around him with sweet harmony? All these and many more such things might be done. But if these are the only ways of making men happy, there will be no end of misery. I may mention a few cases which really, as it appears to me, illustrate the utilitarian principle. If you are strong, rescue the weak, innocent, and helpless from the cruelty of a tyrant. If you are rich, give assistance to the poor. If you are a parent, be

kind, loving, and just to those who are under your care. See that they are educated and well provided for. If you have neighbours, treat them with kindness and civility, sympathise with them in their joys and sorrows. If you are a citizen, keep those around you who are ignorant informed as to the extent of their duties, rights, and privileges, so that they may not grumble on the introduction of any new measure by Government nor let slip their rights when any impolitic step is taken by Government, which tampers with their liberty as a people. If you are a patriot, gifted with rare powers, adequate to espouse a public cause, have the courage to fight and even to die for the welfare of your country. In a national crisis, even the beggar is expected to do his turn. If you are a lawyer, plead the cause of the poor litigant who has a just complaint. If you are a doctor, nurse and tend the sick, without extorting the last penny from them. If you are a judge, be fair and just, indifferent to the caste, colour, creed, rank, or station in life of the individual whom you have to judge. If you have a seat in the Legislative Council always remember that you are making laws for the welfare of a people who are on a certain level of thought and culture. If you are educated and enjoy the privileges pertaining to education, help others born with native genius, wherever found, in their education, when help is needed. If I have rightly conceived the spirit of utilitarianism in citing the above instances, I am not wrong in concluding that utilitarianism aims at the security of person and property by preventing the violation of one another's rights by men, and providing against all dangers to life, individual, social, or national, resulting from natural causes, such as diseases, poverty, ignorance, and bad government. Happiness as thus conceived, consisting in the preservation of life and health, in the fulfilment of life-functions, and in the development of the intellectual and emotional life to the highest, is fit to be an end both of the individual who discharges his duties to himself, and of him who fulfils his duties to others. Such appears to be the tenor of utilitarianism. That most unhappy word, happiness, is responsible for all the criticism that has been vented on the theory of utilitarianism ever since it was propounded. If the preservation, furtherance, and development of life are the conditions for attaining the utilitarian end of happiness; if the conditions are well-defined and the end ill-defined, why at the risk of so much ambiguity and confusion tenaciously cling to the original form in which the theory was propounded? The reasons for so doing

are obvious. The utilitarian has, as a moral philosopher, not only to give a universal formula for moral conduct, but has also to support it by a sanction; and to his mind no sanction is more convincing than happiness, which is at once the end of conduct and the motive to it. Once admit that happiness is the only rational motive, because it is the only natural one, and you cannot regard the end of other people as something different.

Supposing happiness were clearly defined, with reference to its definite conditions, shall we be prepared to regard happiness as the end of moral conduct in preference to its conditions summed up in the preservation and advancement of life in its length and breadth? Are we not inverting the order of nature, when we from the human point of view read the end in our motive or constitute our motive the supreme end of morality? In the order of human experience happiness generally follows upon certain actions that subserve the ends of life. In the order of nature, happiness becoming the motive with men generally precedes, and contributes to, the end of nature, namely, the advancement of life.

The utilitarian principle is further inadequate as a criterion of the morality of the individual; for the trader who brings plenty into the country, the lawyer who furthers justice by representing the claims of the wronged party, the doctor who saves many a man from agony—all these are virtuous and moral even though they do their work for payment. But all traders, lawyers, and doctors do not pass for good men, though they may be good professional men. The motive of disinterestedness will alone count in the estimation of the morality of the individual. He is a shallow moralist who thinks he has stemmed the evil current in human nature, by the external sanctions of punishment without a prop from reason, and believes that every current that flows along the channel of happiness is pure and unmixed with evil, ignoring the need of an attempt to divert the evil current at its very source to lose itself in the sands, and allow the pure current of morality to flow from its very fountain along a single and separate channel.

To take a suggestion from Mill as to the form of the final argument for the moral ideal, I shall refer to his *proof* of the utilitarian principle, which was conceived by him to be different from its sanction. He says, "No reason can be given why the general happiness is desirable, except that each person so far as he believes it to be attainable desires his own happiness: each person's happiness is a good to that person, and the general happiness a good to

the aggregate of all persons." This reasoning has been severely condemned by the general run of philosophers as they take the proof of the utilitarian end equally as it sanction. Mr. Sorley's criticism is to this effect: "Unless we hypostatise the community and treat it as an individual with magnified but human wants and satisfactions, the ethical end will not correspond to what is called utilitarianism, and the argument of Mill is of no avail." Or, as my master put it, to make the fallacy more obvious, "every man desires his own happiness; all men desire their (all men's) happiness; therefore every man desires the happiness of every other." One has reason, however, to suspect whether this could possibly be the logic of one of our best logicians. To me the reasoning of Mill seems to be quite sound. To express it fairly, every man desires his own happiness as by a law of his nature. All men desire happiness by the same law of human nature. Therefore universal happiness evidently is the goal towards which the universal law of human nature is tending. Therefore universal happiness, which is a good to the aggregate of individuals, is desirable as an end. The argument, it seems to me, has a teleological significance. Nature in carying out her law aims not at this or that part of happiness of this or that individual, but at the happiness generally, of all mankind. The purpose of nature is rational. Man as a rational being should promote the end of nature and fulfil her divine purpose.

Even understanding Mill thus, the question will still present itself, how the end of universal happiness can be pronounced to be a desirable end for the individual, by one who has already declared that the happiness of the individual is the supreme and the only rational end for him, as it is the only rational motive, except by showing that universal happiness coincides entirely with individual happiness; in which case it would be all the same whether we ask the individual to pursue his own greatest happiness or universal happiness. This question has not been fairly met. But this apart, I think that the above argument of Mill appeals to a sanction other than the happiness of the individual. I believe it is in some such way, by marking the general tendency of human evolution, that we have to present the final argument for morality.

S. SUBRAHMANYA SASTRI.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Metaphysic of Experience. By Shadworth H. Hodgson. 4 Vols. xxxv + 1811 pp. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1898.

In these four handsome volumes Dr. Shadworth H. Hodgson gives final and systematic form to the philosophical ideas which through numerous volumes, countless essays and articles, and his addresses from the chair of the Aristotelian Society of London, were already familiar to readers of philosophy. It was in 1865 that he published his first volume. "In the year 1880," we read in the preface, "...... I applied myself to a thorough going review and re-examination of the philosophical field. .... I resolved to go over the entire subject again—foundations, methods, results,—and see what new facts I could bring to light, what new steps towards completing my system of philosophy I could take, what parts, if any, required to be modified, or perchance retracted, in that system as it stood in my *Philosophy of Reflection* in 1878." The present colossal work is thus the fruit of eighteen years' continuous labour; and the veteran author is to be most warmly congratulated on his 'crowning mercy'. In this book we see a monument of extraordinary energy and patience, and a proof, if proof be wanted, that the spirit of philosophy is not yet dead or dying in England.

We cannot, however, but wonder how it is that one who can boast of so large a literary output and bears an honoured name among modern thinkers has quite failed to found a school of disciples. The explanation appears to be twofold. On the one hand he insists on standing alone. There is hardly a great name in philosophy that he does not fall foul of. Kant, he says, went off *on a wrong tack*; Hegel is a mere spinner of cobwebs; modern idealism he dismisses with a word as neo-scholasticism. Such abandonment of the high roads is always dangerous; it is excusable only if the thinker can show a more excellent way. Has Dr. Hodgson done this? His book contains much strenuous thought and excels in careful and beautiful analysis; but it is not the gradual unfolding of any one large philosophical principle. It abounds in detail; it lacks an architectonic idea. The system as it stands is no system. Through three volumes and more our author is apparently a materialist or at least an experientialist; in the middle of the fourth volume he suddenly takes refuge with Kant in the Practical Reason and plays the idealist.

The other reason for Dr. Hodgson's isolation is his manner. Unlike Spencer he has no gift of lucid exposition; unlike Green he has no grace of style. The manner indeed is like the matter—clear more or less in details but clumsy in general effect. The reader is wearied by constant

repetitions, by pet distinctions again and again insisted on, and moreover is burdened throughout by the uncouth terms—*conditionate*, for example,—which the author, determined to be both exact and independent, has elected to employ. The consequence is that the reading through of these four volumes, beautifully printed and elegantly bound as they are, is not only an education in metaphysic but a severe discipline in patience and temper.

In his introductory chapter on method Dr. Hodgson calls on us to lay aside every assumption and every prejudice and analyse experience as we find it. This is the true metaphysic—" the subjective analysis of the contents of experience." This subjective method was introduced by Descartes and carried forward by Kant. But Kant made the unfortunate assumption of a subject and things-in-themselves. This assumption in chief and all other assumptions Dr. Hodgson would put aside, and sets himself to give an analysis of consciousness which so far from assuming the distinction between subject and object goes below it and shows in the end how these ideas are arrived at. This is what our author means by 'the metaphysic of experience'—not an empirical metaphysic but a metaphysic which consists in an analysis of the process-contents of conscious experience, an interrogation of consciousness by consciousness. Metaphysic, then, as Dr. Hodgson conceives it, is altogether different from the old-fashioned ontology, the science of being, the science of the noumena that lie behind and are said to explain experience. Dr. Hodgson's position may not be as he claims 'revolutionary in point of magnitude', but it is sound and may well lead to a better understanding between philosophy and science.

The task of metaphysic, then, is the analysis of experience. This analysis is set forth in the first book, which coincides with the first volume and is, we think, by far the most valuable part of the whole work. Take an empirical moment in consciousness, a note struck on an invisible piano, let us say, and what apart from all previous knowledge and prejudice does analysis reveal? It reveals two ultimate elements—time and feeling, a formal element (duration) which links it to other experiences, and a material element (the quality of the feeling) which distinguishes it from them. If now a second note is struck, the first note though retained is felt to have receded in consciousness. Even the first note must be considered as beginning to recede from the point at which it begins to be felt. It follows that not only is memory involved in the very simplest states of consciousness—a point quite agreed upon by psychologists, but also—a view which Dr. Hodgson is the first to put forward with any fulness—that the perception of any mental content whatsoever is a case of retrospection or reflection, in which the immediately previous part of the process becomes the object of the latter or immediately present part.

From the empirical moment Dr. Hodgson passes to 'the time-stream' in which all such moments are combined, and then proceeds in masterly fashion to elucidate the way in which from visual and tactual sensations there arises our knowledge of space and matter and the external world, his conclusion being that "the commonsense conviction of the independent reality of matter—or, in other words, that material objects are real objects perceived by, but not consisting of, consciousness—is fully justified by the facts of experience as disclosed by subjective analysis." Here we are on familiar ground, but here also we strike upon what soon shows itself to be the guiding—or should we say misguiding?—principle of Dr. Hodgson's philosophy, the substitution for cause of *real condition.* By cause is commonly meant the dynamic element chiefly concerned in bringing about the effect. Dr. Hodgson, however, wanted a term, seemingly, that should include static conditions as well, and, to the confusion of himself and his readers, adopted the clumsy phrase—*real condition.* How, for example, does he decide the crucial case of mind and body? "Neural and cerebral processes, of the same general kind as those which condition external presentative perceptions, as they are called, plainly, when continued in the organism, condition the association of them. And if they condition associations, they can hardly fail to condition process-contents of consciousness of every other kind whatever: internal sensations as well as external, pleasure and pain, desires, emotions, imaginations, volitions, conceptions, and reasonings. This is at any rate by far the most probable opinion, in the absence of any distinct evidence to the contrary, to say nothing of the most positive evidence of the most varied kinds, which experiment and observation are every day accumulating in favour of it. Volitions, reasonings, desires, and so on, convey of themselves no information whatever as to how they are conditioned, or what the agent or agency is, by which they move. The whole real conditioning, therefore, in the world, so far as we have any positive knowledge of it, lies on the side of matter, and consists of material objects and their changes relatively to one another." Is it by his use of the term 'real condition' that our author has been carried away into rank materialism? Certainly nervous processes condition consciousness, but do they cause it? Is consciousness only a fly on the wheel of physical and nervous motion?

The first volume is by far the most interesting, and the only part of the whole work likely to be of permanent value. The other three volumes deserve indeed much more than a passing word; but space forbids. The second volume treats of science—the quest for real conditions—and its results for philosophy. The third volume is occupied with an analysis of conscious action. A single quotation will indicate Dr. Hodgson's position: "When we speak of acts of consciousness or of conscious motives, we are really speaking of acts and motive forces of

the neuro-cerebral system, which support, determine, and are evidenced by process-contents of consciousness, which are known to be of this or that nature. The real agency is not in the consciousness, but in the neuro-cerebral system."

And yet this denial of efficiency to consciousness and attribution of real activity to the organism—this humiliating doctrine of human automatism—leaves room for an ethic, does not empty either morality or religion of its content! In the middle of the fourth volume we waken up to find that after all Dr. Hodgson is "on the side of the angels." On ethics, on religion, and on Christianity he has much to say that will be welcome to the Christian and the idealist. Influenced clearly by Ritschl, he puts a sharp division between the speculative and the practical reason and bases theology upon ethical faith. He takes refuge in that cave of Adullam opened by Kant for troubled philosophers—the doctrine of the Practical Reason. The position is doubtless illogical. It is none the less—all the more indeed—a powerful witness to the strength and truth of the Christian faith. Faith, we read, can remove mountains; it can even tolerate contradictions. We cannot resist one closing quotation: "Where or what is the ultimate source of the redeeming power of faith itself? Here we reach the root of the whole matter, the distinguishing characteristic or speciality of the faith which is at once Christian and religious. It is faith in the love of God to the individual, or the love of God to the individual believed in and reciprocated, which alone has this invigorating and redeeming power. It is that alone which is Christian faith. It is not merely a belief in God as the omniscient and almighty ruler of the universe, ... nor again is it even a simple belief in the love of God or assent to it as a fact but it is the immanent act of reciprocating that love as well as believing in it—an immanent act which necessarily carries with it deeds—that is, overt or transeunt acts also—which are the test of its genuineness. The faith of the man lies, then, in his conscious and volitional reciprocation of the love of God, but the ultimate source of its efficacy, that which calls it into existence as a redeeming agency, lies not in the belief but in the thing believed—the fact that it is love that is believed in, and that love the love of God, man's response to which is love and faith at once, a response whereby he places himself in conscious union and harmony with the divine object of his faith."

Selections from the Sources of English History. By Charles W. Colby, M.A., Ph.D. London, New York. and Bombay: Longmans, Green, and Co.

PROFESSOR YORK POWELL has lately told us that history is not literature because it ought to be devoid of human interest. But the

difficulty arises when we try to distinguish between historical facts and mere literature. Only the trained mind of the critic who has drunk deeply at the sources of history can venture to make such a distinction. It is in order that the novice may realize some of the difficulties which stand in the way of historical accuracy that Mr. Colby has given us this most interesting book of selections. It is about as impossible to write history without human sympathies as it would be to solve a mathematical problem without knowing the multiplication table. It is true that "historical events and personages should be looked at in every light before judgment about them is permitted to form itself in one's mind," but how can the historian possibly understand the cause and effect of human events unless he understands something of human passions? Mr. York Powell's writings themselves are a confutation of his own statement.

Lord Acton in his inaugural address at Cambridge in 1895 said of Leopold von Ranke that he was "the representative of the age which instituted the modern study of history. He taught it to be critical, to be colourless, and to be new." And those who have sternly set themselves the task of reading Ranke's works know how he has repressed the poet, the patriot, the religious or political partisan, how he sustains no cause and writes nothing to gratify his own feelings or disclose his private convictions. It is said of him that when a certain divine, who, like him, had written on the Reformation, hailed him as a comrade, he repelled the advance. "You," he said, "are in the first place a Christian. I am in the first place a historian. There is a gulf between us." A man of such a calm temper is well adapted to put forth a scientific doctrine as to the study of history, but, as our author tells us in an excellent introduction, "in the absence of definite experimental tests history cannot claim the precision either of physics or biology. The conditions are never twice the same, and the human factors concerned, instead of being passive objects of enquiry, are emotional and intellectual agents." On the other hand, Mr. Andrew Lang has told us in a recent number of *Blackwood* that history is a human study of what our ancestors did and endured for causes, now religious now romantic, but always deserving to be recorded not only with accuracy but also with charm. And so the scope and character of history have been and will always continue to be variously defined by opposing theorists and with equal dogmatism.

We have in the book before us a very concise and interesting set of selections from official records, letters, autobiographies, contemporary narratives; and the reader of English history may be able to catch glimpses of the times about which he is reading. The book is intended as a supplement to the text-books of English history in the higher forms of schools, but I am afraid it is above the heads of the pupils in the highest form of any school in this country.

It is calculated to remove that tendency to which young historical students are specially prone, of judging all times and ages by the standard of their own. This is presuming that the student thinks at all. The Indian Matriculation or F.A. candidate, in most cases, judging from the answers given in examinations, treats history merely as a feat of memory, and is bad even at that. It is indeed a rare thing to get a satisfactory answer to a question which involves a little thought or one in which the answer is not to be found cut and dry in some text-book. A 'general' question is the *bête noire* of the Indian student. To those students who have not the time to read original sources for themselves Mr. Colby's little book may serve to give local colouring and 'atmosphere' to mere dry facts. To others who have the time but have lacked the will it may be an incitement to deeper study of the original authorities of some one particular period. Mr. Colby has done for the religious, political, and social history of England what Dr. Stubbs in his *Select Charters* has done for the early constitutional.

Of course with such a wide range as the title, *Sources of English History*, implies, it would be impossible to give a selection which would satisfy every one, but one misses a character sketch from Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion* or an extract from the gossipy letters of Baillie during the time of the negotiations between the English and Scottish Parliaments, when divines preached three or four hours, and, what is more surprising, the people patiently listened. Again, one misses the archaic character of the ancient writings, which have all been transliterated or translated by Mr. Colby into modern English. This may be necessary for schoolboys, but still it detracts a little from the 'local colouring' of the pieces.

But the book on the whole is excellently planned. It contains a good index and very useful explanatory notes at the heading of each extract. Whether the ultimate writing of history should be that of a Froude or that of a Ranke the student will learn from this work it that at any rate the sources of history are not devoid of human interest but throb with life and passion.

The English Radicals. An Historical Sketch. By C. B. Roylance Kent. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1899. Price 7*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Kent accepts as approximately true Mr. Lecky's statement that "the year 1769 . . . witnessed the birth of English Radicalism." Having sketched the conditions in which it originated, he shows that what differentiated the Radicals from other reformers of the time was their endeavour to "control Parliament from without, making its members habitually subservient to their constituents." The history of Radicalism

is divided by Mr. Kent into three periods :—1761 to 1789 ; 1789 to 1831 ; 1831 to the present day. In each of these periods Radicalism had its thinkers and its representatives in the field of political struggle ; and Mr. Kent deals in each of his three chapters with both classes. In the first period he gives us vivid accounts of Wilkes and Horne Tooke as active political combatants, and clear sketches of the opinions of Cartwright, Jebb, Priestley, and Price, the Radical thinkers of the time. In this period the platform came into use ; political associations were formed. The Radical programme included annual Parliaments, manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, the payment of members, the abolition of the standing army. But the central principle of this early Radicalism was that the member was the *delegate*, not merely the representative, of his constituents, and as such must receive and follow their instructions.

The second period was ushered in by the French Revolution, the influence of which produced in England the class of 'Jacobinical Radicals'. The extreme views and fanatical conduct of Tom Paine and others of this class alienated support and drove the Government, almost panic-stricken, into a policy of repression. Fortunately for the Radical cause a very different class of writers arose who regained slowly but surely the ground which these men had lost. The Philosophical Radicals who found their guide and inspiration in Bentham,—James Mill, Place, Ricardo, Grote, and Hume—are made a living group in Mr. Kent's pages. Contemporary with them were Burdett and Hobhouse—the germ of a Radical party in the House of Commons. Outside the House popular agitation was carried on by 'Orator' Hunt and William Cobbett. At the same time Socialism began to show itself, though the Radicals of the day had no sympathy with it, and indeed organised attempts to destroy it.

The third period has for its chief Radical thinker John Stuart Mill. In active political work the Chartists dominate the first part of it, the Manchester School the second. But the commercialism, philanthropy, and Little Englandism of the latter were not specially Radical, and no one ever more strongly than Cobden and Bright repudiated the Radical doctrine that the member is the delegate of his constituents.

The Radicals themselves have achieved nothing. But, partly under their influence, other parties have given to the people control of the House of Commons. As Mr. Kent points out, Radicalism—understood as it has been hitherto—has little if any more work to do. Except as to the payment of members, annual Parliaments, and the reduction of members to mere delegates,—which perhaps will never be realised—its programme has been carried out. Those who call themselves Radicals to-day, with the single exception perhaps of John Morley, are quite unlike the Radicals of the past. Socialistic tendencies have swept away

the old individualism: instead of attempting to gain a control of Parliament modern Radicals are concerned with ameliorative legislation; and Imperialism dominates the Radical as well as every other party.

Mr. Kent's handy and well-printed volume may be strongly recommended to all who are interested—and who is not?—in the politics of England during the last four generations.

Life and Letters of Erasmus. By J. A. Froude. London and Bombay: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1899.

SINCE Froude's lectures on Erasmus were published in 1894, two editions a year on the average have been issued. They now appear as a volume of the Silver Library, a form which is not likely to diminish their popularity. For though men may disagree with the views of Froude as to the character of Henry VIII., Charles V., and others who appear in these pages; though they may be able to point to this little inaccuracy or that; though they may make less allowance than Froude does for Erasmus' Laodiceanism in the controversies of his time; yet they have here a narrative dealing with one of the most interesting periods of history, the biography of one of the most interesting men that ever lived, and a style that is like a pellucid gently-flowing stream. Moreover, Erasmus' wit in Froude's English is a feast of brightness scarcely to be equalled, and the letters and brochures of the great Humanist as here given provide it abundantly.

Macmillan's Colonial Library.
Valda Hanem. By Daisy Hugh Pryce.

STORIES of the life within the doors of the *harim* have always the charm of dealing with a subject that is at once mysterious and fascinating to the majority of novel readers, and Miss Pryce's novel is therefore necessarily attractive. But it has many other good qualities. Its authoress is evidently intimately familiar with the scenes she describes, and draws her pictures of the Osmanli household in Cairo with the precision and detail born of firsthand knowledge. The plot is fresh and clever. The good Pasha and his beautiful wife Valda are new in fiction. The old themes of the sudden upspringing of a passionate hunger for love in the heart of an Eastern woman, and the conflict between that love and the restraints of custom and her duty to her husband are treated with skill and pathos. The one character in the book that is unreal is Captain Fitzroy, the Englishman who falls in love with Valda's bright eyes, and almost persuades her to elope with him. Miss Pryce can describe women better than men, and though Captain Fitzroy's actions are not altogether impossible, she does not make the reader feel that

they are probable. But the grace and insight with which the rest of her story is told makes amends for this weakness in it, and as a charming romance, and more particularly as a touching and vivid picture of *harim*-life in Cairo, it will be read with pleasure and interest.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

The ninth annual celebration of the College Day took place on the 29th of December last. At the conference of old students, which was presided over by Mr. T. Ramakrishna Pillai, Dewan Bahadur C. Ramachandra Rau Sahib was re-elected President of the College Day Committee, Mr. Joseph Satya Nadar was elected Treasurer, and Mr. H. Naraina Rau was re-elected Secretary. From the report read before the conference we learn that since the beginning of the College Day movement the sum of Rs. 4,365-7-0 has been subscribed for the purposes of the movement. The interest on the funds in the hands of the College Day Committee is not sufficient, however, to defray the expenses connected with the yearly celebration of the Day, and the Committee would no doubt welcome an addition to its funds—such an addition, at least, as would enable it to abolish the fee charged to members of the Association for taking part in the celebration of the College Day. The Committee, we may also state, is still receiving subscriptions towards the prize which it has been resolved to found in honour of Dr. Cooper. It was hoped that Dr. Miller's statue would have been unveiled on College Day, but on account of a difference of opinion between the consulting architect to Government and the Municipality in regard to the site, the erection of the statue has been delayed.

There was the usual conversazione in the afternoon, and at 5-15 the general meeting was held in the Anderson Hall. At this meeting the chair was taken by Mr. J. L. Rozario. The proceedings commenced with the singing of the College Day Ode sung at previous celebrations of the Day, and then the chairman proposed the toast of the Queen-Empress. In honour of the toast a verse of the national anthem was sung.

In the absence of Mr. R. N. Arokiaswami Mudaliyar, Mr. R. Venkataruthnum Naidu proposed the toast of the University of Madras. During the forty years of her existence, said Mr. Venkataruthnum Naidu, the University of Madras had more than justified the expectations of her founders. She had spread her influence far and wide, and under her fostering care the whole land had been filled with schools and colleges which year by year sent out into the world large numbers of young men and some young women with well moulded characters and lofty

aspirations. Through her influence the intellectual capacity of the people had been raised, and her graduates and undergraduates had been the very season and salt of the land. There was much cause for thankfulness for all that the University had accomplished, and Mr. Venkataruthnum Naidu expressed the hope that she would continue to exist through untold ages. He coupled with the toast the name of the Lord Bishop of Madras.

In reply to the toast the Bishop said he supposed he had been asked to respond to it because he was in the proud position of being the most junior member of the University. For this reason he could not speak from experience and knowledge of the institution. He could only speak from the experience he had gained during sixteen years of his life in connection with the University of Calcutta. For fifteen or sixteen years, he said, he had watched with interest the career of the Indian universities, and had noted with gratification their marvellous progress and their rapid expansion and success. He had come to the conclusion that owing to the success that they had experienced they were rapidly approaching the time when they would outgrow their organisation. They were attempting to combine two functions which he thought would in course of time be found to be incompatible. A university was a learned body that existed for the encouragement of learning and for the purpose of training for the learned professions, but the Indian universities were seeking to combine these functions with that of providing what would ordinarily be called a mercantile education; and the effort to combine all these functions was retarding their progress towards the higher stages of university development. A university, Bishop Whitehead said, existed to be a centre of learning and research and to give students a love of learning and of knowledge for its own sake; and while it was neither wise nor possible to conceal the fact that knowledge was convertible into curry and rice, it was the duty of universities to continually hold up the high ideal. Without that differentiation of functions which Herbert Spencer said was the essence of progress, the Indian universities could not in the future fulfil the chief purpose for which they existed. But, said the Bishop in conclusion, even if he was wrong in his opinion, he would in future years continue to wish all happiness and prosperity to the University.

The next toast—'Success and Prosperity to the Madras Christian College'—was proposed by the chairman. This toast, said Mr. Rozario, was one that was dear to them all, and in commendation of which no words of his were necessary. The prosperity of the College was their dearest wish, and so far they had never had cause for disappointment. As year after year they met to exchange greetings and to manifest their gratitude to the College, they invariably found that, whatever their own experience had been, so far as the College was concerned each year

had been one of prosperity and advancement. Since his own college days, Mr. Rozario said, the Christian College had gone on widening her sphere of influence until she had come to take a foremost position among the educational institutions of India. For this result her *alumni* could never be sufficiently grateful to the band of disinterested men who by their self-denying labours had effected it. To reward these men was beyond their power, but they could assure them of their undying love and esteem. Many of those who had worked for the College had left India, but among those left there was one who had done more for it than any other. Mr. Rozario said they had hoped that on that occasion they would be able to show the place that Dr. Miller occupied in their affections by unveiling his statue, but they had been disappointed. He expressed the wish that Dr. Miller would be spared for many years to help the College with his advice.

As regards the *alumni* of the College, Mr. Rozario said, it was not the privilege of many of them to take an active part in the work of the College, yet every one of them had a duty towards her. It might be, he said, that the College would be called upon to refuse adventitious aid in order to maintain her independence, and then every one of them would be expected to come to her help. If ever that time came, said Mr. Rozario, he hoped that not one of them would be found wanting.

The toast was responded to by Mr. Macphail. This toast, Mr. Macphail said, was one that might very well be left to respond for itself, for the bond that bound them all together was the bond of the College. However, when asked by the Secretary of the College Day Committee to reply, he felt he could not refuse to comply, for it was right that old students should have an opportunity of expressing their thankfulness for the good they had received from the College, and right also that the younger members of the staff should have an opportunity of saying that they would do their best to maintain for the College the reputation it had gained. In seeking to point out some ways in which the College was worthy of the support of its *alumni* and of the work of its professors and teachers, Mr. Macphail said he would try to look at it from what might be called an outside point of view. In the first place, then, the College was worthy of support because it was an expression of the goodwill of the people of Great Britain towards the people of India. It was his firm belief, he said, that the people of Great Britain had goodwill towards India, and that their goodwill was expressed in many ways, though in some it might not be clearly discernible. The College was an expression—a concrete embodiment—of that goodwill. It was an expression of the desire of the people of England and Scotland to share with the people of India certain good things which they were privileged to possess.

But the College, Mr. Macphail said, was more than an expression

of the goodwill of the people of Great Britain towards the people of India. It was an example of private initiative and private enterprise that was full of lessons for the people of this country. In India, at the present time, Mr. Macphail thought, people were too much inclined to look to the State for everything. They were too anxious for grandmotherly legislation in regard to matters immediately concerning their own welfare. An institution like the Madras Christian College was an example of what could be done by private effort.

The College, Mr. Macphail went on to say, was also an answer—an answer from the people of England and Scotland—to the question sometimes asked, "What is the good of all this education?" And further, it placed before the people of India a right view of what true education was. Education did not consist in fitting men to hold appointments under Government, but had for its object the training of the bodies and the souls of men. This was the purpose, said Mr. Macphail, for which he and his colleagues had been sent to India, and in the Christian College the aim was not only to train the intellect but also to develop the moral nature. He attached great importance to the fact that the College like some other educational institutions in India put forward the claims of religion. The chief evil of the present age appeared to him to be its materialism—its love of ease and luxury; and he welcomed anything that served to counteract that evil. In conclusion, Mr. Macphail said that in upholding the principles of the College they were upholding the cause of true education, the cause of sound morality, and the cause of religion throughout Southern India; and to himself and his colleagues there was no greater pleasure than to see old students expressing their good feelings towards their *alma mater*.

Mr. K. S. Kodandarama Aiyar proposed the toast of 'Our Young Friends' and Mr. Paul Appaswami replied.

Next came the presentation to the College of a portrait of Dr. Cooper. In presenting this portrait on behalf of the College Day Committee, Mr. P. R. Sundara Aiyar paid a high tribute to Dr. Cooper's qualities of head and heart and to the respect in which he was held as a teacher. He himself had had the privilege of being one of Dr. Cooper's pupils and also of being his assistant, and he could testify from experience to the many good qualities which earned for him the title Maharishi Cooper and made him the most universally popular professor in the College. Dr. Cooper, said Mr. Sundara Aiyar, was a simple and true servant of God and a man who had no enemies.

Dr. Miller accepted the portrait on behalf of the College, and in doing so said that while he and his colleagues were deeply gratified at the presentation of the gift, they were not at all surprised at it. They had known well and long how deep the place of Dr. Cooper was in the hearts of the *alumni* of the College, and they were not surprised that

there should have been the wish for some memorial of his life and valuable services. It was well that Dr. Cooper's work should be thus commemorated, and the presentation of the portrait was creditable to all who had subscribed towards it. For Dr. Cooper, said Dr. Miller, was the kind of man that India most needed at the present time. It was a mere commonplace to say that India was in a stage of transition. A new ideal had been presented to her—the ideal that she should live a corporate life, that she should be self-actuated and to a large extent self-governed. This ideal was one that would not be attained for many a day but it was by no means unattainable; and if India was to fulfil her destiny the attainment of it was the goal at which she must arrive. The ideal was that this great land should have a social and political life of its own such as was seen in England and her associated colonies and dominions. It was that of equal rights and freedom to all who had learned to exercise their rights in a true and proper manner. It was that for which Britain had long fought, and for which she was involved in a bloody war which could not but end successfully for her if she remained true to her task of propagating, wherever her influence extended, those free-born rights which ought to belong to everyone who had learned to exercise them. It was an ideal, however, for the realisation of which long preparation was necessary. In India there had been nothing like it before, and without preparation and discipline India would not attain it. Hindus were prone to look back on what appeared to them the golden age of India, but the golden age to which they turned their eyes was a condition of affairs like that existing in the primary classes of a school—a condition in which the rajah gave the order and the subject had only to obey. Very different from this was the state of things to which India was now looking forward, and if she would attain to what there was reasonable hope that she might be, long preparation would be needed. This preparation would be attended with many difficulties—difficulties between those who were inclined to move too fast and those who wanted to move too slow. In the course of it many mistakes and errors would be made, for mistakes and errors were a necessary part of human life, whether of children in their bodily life, or of individuals in their intellectual life, or of nations and countries in their social and political life. At such a time as the present, therefore, a man who by his kindness and patience helped to harmonise the old with the new was the kind of man that was most needed. Such a man was Dr. Cooper, and it was well that his services should have been recognised.

Again thanking the donors of the gift, Dr. Miller unveiled the portrait, and the meeting closed with the usual votes of thanks.

AMONG the many agencies employed by Christian missionaries the dissemination of Christian literature holds an important place. A note-

worthy paper on this subject has been sent to us by the Rev. E. M. Wherry, D.D., a well known missionary in the Punjab.

The subject of Christian literature in its relation to evangelistic work, Dr. Wherry says, is one that has always demanded the best thoughts of Indian missionaries. But while its importance has always been recognised, Dr. Wherry thinks it might be made a good deal more effective as a missionary agency than it is now or ever has been. The fact that missionary work is carried on under conditions that are ever changing makes changes of method necessary in all departments of the work, but especially so in the case of literary work. Each generation requires a literature written in its own style and with particular reference to the conditions of the life of its own time. It is not only necessary to present the thoughts of previous generations in a new dress, it is also necessary to give expression in attractive form to many things of which previous generations knew nothing. In no country in the world, says Dr. Wherry, is this more necessary than in India at the present time. The history of the world, he says, does not present a change of thought so vast as that which has been witnessed by those now growing old in service in this country. A new India has been born and has grown into the vigour of young manhood. In this renaissance a most important part has been played by missionary education and Christian literature. Many of the results of this awakening are, however, not what missionaries had hoped for, and Dr. Wherry draws from this the inference that most of the literature of the past is not suited to influence the minds and hearts of those who constitute the people of the new India. Much has been done, he says, by the Christian Literature Society under the guidance of Dr. Murdoch, but much yet remains to be done.

Dr. Wherry says he would not be understood as holding that the literature of the past has now no sphere of usefulness. There are still vast regions, he says, which have not been affected by Christian preaching and teaching, and the old controversial tract and book are needed as much as ever, though the increased light that is being thrown on the teachings of the Vedas and the Qurán shows that tracts and books on the old lines should be less controversial in tone than they have usually been. The literature of the past was doctrinal rather than pastoral, and appealed to the intellect rather than to the heart. What is needed, Dr. Wherry says, is more writing of a spiritual character,—a literature that will teach not only what man is to believe concerning God but what duty God requires of man.

The literature of the past has consisted largely of translations of English books and tracts; and much of this literature, Dr. Wherry says, is practically dead. The books are not only not read but would not be understood if they were read. The thoughts of Western writers cannot be presented to Oriental readers in literal translations: if they are

to be assimilated by the people of this country they must receive an Eastern setting. Another point emphasized by Dr. Wherry is that books and tracts for popular use must be written in the language of the people.

Among the publications now urgently required Dr. Wherry mentions first a series of School Readers, both in English and in the vernaculars. These, he says, should not only be Christian in spirit but they should present as much as possible of what is of popular interest in scientific discovery, so as to awaken thought on the part of the pupils. They should be well printed in a character that will not injure the eyesight of the children. Along with these Readers Dr. Wherry would recommend the introduction into mission middle and high schools of a series of supplementary readers, containing such matter of a historical, scientific, and moral character as would induce the habit of solid reading and at the same time afford the opportunity of imparting much religious instruction. Some of the books of the Christian Literature Society's English Series would in Dr. Wherry's opinion be eminently suitable for this purpose. Such books could be published in the vernaculars.

Among other needs in the way of literature Dr. Wherry mentions a series of books in English and the vernaculars addressed to Brahmans, Muslims, and other classes of the people. He also thinks that great good might be done by the publication of portions of a few of the Hindu and Muhammadan sacred books, with comments by Christian writers, Then again, he says, there is great need for a new series of tracts presenting the fundamental teachings of Christianity from the sympathetic rather than from the controversial side. For the Native Church a great increase in the amount of vernacular literature available is much required. The preparation of a Sunday School library is a great desideratum. For Muhammadans a special series of tracts and books is needed ; and this work is about to be undertaken at Ludhiana in connection with the Christian Literature Society. Finally, says Dr. Wherry, much more needs to be done than is now being done in the way of providing popular literature in the vernacular.

Having indicated what he believes to be the needs of the present time in the way of Christian literature, Dr. Wherry proceeds to deal with the question of the distribution of such literature. He thinks it is well that the method of gratuitous distribution, which in the early days of missions was almost universally adopted, has been largely given up, but he is of opinion that books and tracts of a controversial nature should be distributed free. Dealing with the question of the distribution of Christian literature by sale, he expresses the opinion that the method of colportage, in spite of the expense frequently entailed by it, is on the whole the best method available. He points out that both in the case of colportage and in the case of the Christian bookshop everything depends

upon the agents employed. A third way of spreading the benefits to be derived from a Christian literature is the opening of reading rooms. Such rooms, Dr. Wherry says, might be opened in connection with schools and in the larger Christian villages. They should be made as attractive as possible, supplying secular reading as well as religious. Lastly, considering the immense influence now wielded by newspapers and magazines, Dr. Wherry says that every effort should be made to increase the circulation of Christian periodicals. By means of such periodicals, he says, the knowledge of the people might be greatly increased and much might be done to popularise Christian thought and sentiment. Popular errors might be exposed and misrepresentations of Christianity and the Bible refuted, while the lives and works of good Christian men and women could be made known to thousands who have little or no opportunity of knowing real Christians by personal contact. Dr. Wherry concludes by saying that while the preaching of the word by the living witness is the divinely ordained method of evangelising the world, the publication and circulation of a Gospel literature is the preacher's most powerful auxiliary.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY JOTTINGS.

THE death of Professor R. W. Bunsen at the ripe old age of eighty-eight takes from us one who has for long been in the very front rank of scientific men. His discoveries have been so numerous and many of them so important that his name is known to all who know anything even of the rudiments of science. The Bunsen burner and the Bunsen battery are familiar to every student of physics and chemistry, while hardly less famous are the epoch-making discoveries in spectrum analysis which he made in conjunction with his friend Kirchhoff. Among the other well-known discoveries which we owe to him may be mentioned the production of magnesium in quantity and the invention of the magnesium light, which has proved so useful in photography. He was for a long time professor of chemistry at Heidelberg, where he had the highest reputation as a teacher, but he retired from that post a few years ago.

ANOTHER scientific man whose death has been intimated is Sir William Dawson, the veteran principal of McGill University. He was appointed professor of geology there in 1855 and continued to discharge the duties of the appointment till 1893, when he resigned at the age of seventy-three. He contributed many valuable discoveries to geological science,

dealing chiefly with fossil plants and the foootprints and impressions of animals. In 1864 his name became well known everywhere owing to the announcement that he had discovered an organism in the oldest known rocks, the Laurentian of Canada. He had some years before detected what he believed to be organic matter in Laurentian limestone, and in that year he had examined it with the aid of a microscope and decided that it had the structure of a Foraminifer. He gave it the name *Eozoon Canadense*, and received the support of many prominent geologists in his decision. Others, however, were dissatisfied with the evidence presented, and, in the controversy which arose, these ultimately won the day. It is now generally agreed that the structure cannot be regarded as "the oldest evidence of life on earth," but simply as mineral, though resembling an organism in a very peculiar way.

THE shower of Leonid meteors which was expected to be so brilliant last November proved in the event to be no greater than the average. It was thought at first that the earth might have passed through the shower during the daytime in India, but reports from America state that the display was as meagre there as here. Mr. W. F. Denning considers that though the shower has managed to elude us this time it should confront us this year, and possibly in 1901. "It will be remembered," he says, "that there were rich displays in 1866, 1867, and 1868. The one in 1866 occurred ten months after the parent comet of Tempel had passed through its perihelion (January 11), while the shower of 1868 appeared nearly three years after the return of the comet. The latter object probably reached perihelion last spring (though it was not observed anywhere), and we are clearly entitled to expect from the great extension of the meteoric stream visibly encountered from 1866 to 1868 that exhibitions of the finest kind will be presented in the two ensuing years." The motions of the Leonid meteors cannot, of course, be predicted with accuracy like those of the planets, because none of them are visible until and unless they chance to fall into our atmosphere. Even then they are only visible for a second or two, and so there must inevitably be some uncertainty as to their motion in space.

AN improvement in the construction of bicycles has been introduced by the Palmer Shipbuilding and Iron Company, of Jarrow, which has been designed to give to cushion-tyred machines the freedom from vibration which pneumatic-tyred machines now possess. The Harnett-Palmer cycle, as it is called, is not a spring-frame cycle, but a cycle with an absolutely rigid frame, hung on springs, in the same way as a locomotive and its tender are hung. The hubs of the wheels slide in grooves, and even when the springs are compressed to the utmost the distance between the saddle and the pedals remains precisely the same, thus

obviating the danger of the rider's feet being jerked off the pedals. The cycle has been tested on obstacles on the Horse Guards' parade, and has given general satisfaction to the military authorities.

A SUCCESSFUL attempt has been made by M. E. Fouchet to photograph the shadow cast by the planet Venus. The object which he selected to cast the shadow was an incandescent lamp holder, and he fixed it at a distance of about 21 cm. from the photographic plate. He gave the plate an exposure of fifteen minutes, and on developing it got a very distinct photograph of the shadow.

A MOST interesting account of recent research on the subject of fermentation has been published by Dr. Reynolds Green. Up till quite recently it was generally supposed that it had been proved beyond doubt that fermentation was a phenomenon of life without oxygen. It is now coming to be recognised that enzymes, or 'soluble ferments', play a most important part in the process. For a time it was thought that soluble or 'unorganised' ferments (enzymes) might act differently from 'organised' or living ferments, such as yeast cells. This theory must now be abandoned, as Buchner has discovered that an enzyme can be extracted in water from the yeast cell, which can split up sugar into alcohol and carbon dioxide outside the living cell and quite independently of it.

WRITING in the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Sidney Colvin speaks of Mr. Stephen Phillips's tragedy, *Paolo and Francesca*, as a thing of surprising beauty and power, free from the shortcomings of the author's previous work, and testifying to his possession of quite unsuspected gifts. The *Academy* reviewer is not quite so generous in his estimate of the play. He admits that it has much beauty and in many parts great power, but he thinks it lacks movement and is somewhat weak in character-drawing. At the same time he says that there are many fine scenes in the play, and that its faults of structure are faults which experience will mend. He does not think that Mr. Phillips is at his best as a dramatist, though he has clearly shown that he has dramatic stuff in him.

THE *Academy* announces the immediate publication by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. of an important work by Mr. Goldwin Smith. The title of the work is *The United Kingdom: A Political History*; and its purpose is to describe in broad outline the steps by which England has taken the lead among the nations of the world in solving the problem of constitutional government. The first volume, which is occupied chiefly with tracing origins, deals with the period from the Teutonic conquest to the close of Cromwell's protectorate, while the second exhibits the working and development of political forces from the Restoration to the

overthrow of the Whig party after the Reform Act. In a final chapter Mr. Goldwin Smith surveys the Empire as it now exists.

THE Congress of Orientalists met at Rome last October. One of its proceedings was to establish a society for the publication of critical texts of the great national epics of India. A representative committee was appointed which resolved that steps should be taken to print in the Nagari character the little-known southern recension of the *Mahâbhârata.* The next Congress is to meet in Hamburg.

DR. THOMAS HODGKIN'S history of *Italy and Her Invaders* is now completed. Dr. Hodgkin is not a professional historian but is a member of a banking firm in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and his great book is the result of the work with which he has occupied his leisure time during the last twenty-five years. Though a historian of war Dr. Hodgkin is himself a member of the Society of Friends.

A NEW book that is highly praised by the reviewers is Mr. Henry Grey Graham's *Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century.* The *Athenæum* says it is to be highly commended as "a thoughtful, humorous, and vivid exposition of Scottish men and manners in the last century," and describes it as the outcome of wise and wide reading.

MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK announce the publication of the first volume of their Dictionary of the Bible—*Encyclopædia Biblica.* The work, which is to be completed in four volumes, is edited by Professor Cheyne of Oxford and Dr. Sutherland Black, Assistant Editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

UNDER the title of *Southern Arabia* Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. are going to publish an account of the explorations made by the late Mr. Theodore Bent in Arabia and adjacent countries. Mr. Bent died more than two years ago from an illness contracted during an expedition to the interior of Arabia, but Mrs. Bent, who always accompanied her husband, has been able, from his notes and her own diary, to compile a record of their expeditions. The book ought to prove very interesting reading, for in spite of numerous difficulties and dangers Mr. and Mrs. Bent succeeded in penetrating to districts hitherto unknown to Europeans, especially to the valley of the Hadramut, which is closely guarded by Arabian fanaticism. The book will contain a full description of the little-known island of Socotra, a record of a journey in the Eastern Soudan just before the war with the Dervishes broke out, and much information concerning the politics and history of the Persian Gulf.

Among the books shortly to be published by Mr. Murray is a new work entitled *Horns of Honour* by Mr. Elworthy, the author of *The Evil Eye*. In *Horns of Honour* Mr. Elworthy will deal with horns as symbols of honour, power, and victory, and will try to prove not only their significance in their exaltation, frequently mentioned in the Bible, but also their intimate connection with royalty in the part they play in the construction of the modern kingly crown. He will also treat of a number of objects relating to the recently discovered worship of antiquity which throw light upon the domestic life of the ages to which they belong as well as upon that of the present day.

RECENT PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

If, as we understand, the *Contemporary Review* for December 1899 is to be the last number issued by Messrs. Isbister and Company, it is to be regretted that their connexion with it should close with so undistinguished a collection of articles as those here presented. Mr. Robert Buchanan criticises Kipling as 'The Voice of the Hooligan', regarding him as the mouthpiece of the barbarism to which for the time England has surrendered herself. *Barrack-room Ballads* and *Stalky and Co.* furnish damning evidence in support of the writer's charge. Phil Robinson descants after his fashion on 'Balmy November'. Mr. Rendel Harris describes an Apocalypse written about the middle of the eighth century to cheer the Christians of Syria under the Saracen yoke. Another article is devoted to the beginnings of a women's movement in Italy; from which it would appear that the legislature is far more anxious for the advancement of Italian women than they are themselves. We have not found a single noteworthy sentence in Mr. Baring-Gould's article on 'Priest and Prophet'. Under the title of 'A Prose Source of the Georgics' the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco gives an account of Varro's *De Re Rustica*. Mr. J. W. Martin describes the twofold 'Trend in American Cities'—grave official corruption and municipal socialism—remarking that the latter should tend to destroy the former. Miss Collet's article, 'An Age Limit for Women', points out that in the last hundred years "the age of childish irresponsibility has been raised from six to about twelve," and that mothers do not now give place to their daughters as early as formerly. Under the title 'The Venture of Faith', Miss Caillard elaborates a parallel between science and religion in that each has to act in faith upon a postulate which is felt to be true, despite all appearances to the contrary,—science on that of the uniformity of Nature, religion on that of the goodness of God. Dr. Guinness Rogers in the last article pleads that Liberal Imperialism properly understood may fitly unite all Liberals.

The first place is given to 'The Government and the War', in which 'An Officer', evidently a staunch supporter of Lord Wolseley, turns away from the heads of the Army the charges of unpreparedness and ignorance of the Boer armaments and lays the blame for the inadequacy of our forces in South Africa upon the Government. Perhaps the most important point is made in the following sentences, given as a foot-

note: "It has been openly stated that the Intelligence Department has been at fault; that it knew neither the number of men nor the number of guns the two Republics could put into the field. This is entirely wrong. The Department was perfectly well informed and so were the Government. If the latter did not act on the knowledge, that is not the fault of the former." The writer points out that the occupation of Dundee, "a strategical mistake," must have been due to political pressure; that "political reasons had deliberately placed our troops in Natal in great numerical inferiority, thereby giving to the enemy the initiative with all its advantages," and that as Government had taken absolutely no steps to enable our troops to maintain a defensive attitude until reinforcements could arrive, it was courting disaster. We are still but endeavouring to put the position back to what it would have been at the outbreak of the war if the Government had taken proper precautions, and our obvious plan of campaign has not yet been entered upon. But if the result of our present experience be that the Army is placed on a proper footing, the lesson will not be lost.

By far the best article in the number is by Dr. Woods Hutchinson on 'Animal Chivalry'. In it he gives illustrations of the gentleness or respect shown by animals towards the young and the females of their own and other species. He tells, for example, how a kitten was adopted by "a fox-terrier and bull-terrier of notable prowess," and how a pack of hounds abandoned the pursuit of a wolf on discovering that it was a female.

THE *Nineteenth Century* again opens with articles on South Africa. The future of South Africa is discussed with a profound indifference to the facts of the hour, and in the light of the present situation it is difficult to read them with patience. We venture to think that as time goes on there will be less assumption of ultimate victory, unless indeed some new turn of affairs makes the defeat of the Boers a practical certainty. The first of these articles is from the pen of Mr. Sidney Low. Mr. Low points out the grave difficulties that lie in the way of future administrators in South Africa. The difficulties arise from two causes. There is first of all the fact that the Dutch outnumber the English and that for some time to come these will be animated by race animosity. But, secondly, the native races enormously outnumber both. Statistics are necessarily extremely imperfect, but such as they are they show that there is an extraordinary problem to be worked out in the future. In South Africa, for 778,000 of a white population there are 3,745,000 of a coloured. The circumstances of South Africa are, therefore, altogether different from those of Canada or Australia. The lessons we have learned there will not help very materially in solving the problem of government in South Africa. The Dutch population will also increase probably at a faster ratio than the English. They are, too, an agricultural people, and will live permanently on the soil. There is little or no likelihood of an agricultural immigration from England. England will send multitudes to the gold mines, but these will in due course be exhausted, and the populous Rand will some day be a deserted tract. Mr. Low in the light of such facts as these warns the Government against a too hasty Federation, which might hinder a future development. One fact, which he points out, is that the present war has vindicated the opinion of those who have held "that for years past we have been carrying on a gigantic Imperial business with an insufficient military capital." He suggests that some compulsory system of military service will almost certainly be instituted.

The second article by Sir Sidney Shippard, whose recent articles in this Review have been by no means prophetic, deals more specifically with the territorial division in the South Africa of the future. The writer after reviewing other possible schemes advocates the formation of a great colony to be called Natal, embracing Swaziland, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State. The advantages

that would accrue from this are many. The task of bringing about South African Federation would be simplified and expedited. The new colony would have a good sea-board. A powerful colony like this would prove a healthy political and commercial counterpoise to Cape Colony. Sir Sidney is nothing if not optimistic, and therefore his views have to be accepted *cum grano salis.* "I am convinced," he says, "that, with firm and just treatment on our part, the Boers will in a few years become reconciled to their position as British subjects possessing all the rights and privileges belonging to citizens of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen."

In a historical article of much value Mrs. John Richard Green sketches the relations of the English and the Dutch in the past. The history of their connection with each other is summed up in these words: "For seven centuries, from the founding of Amsterdam in 1204 to the founding of Johannesburg, the English and the Dutch especially have seen in the success of either people a menace to the other." From this early period until now, with two exceptions, they have fought wherever they met. The two exceptions were when they united to resist the universal dominion of Spain and of France.

Major-General Maurice writes a useful little article on terms used in modern gunnery. Krupp and shrapnel, Lee-Enfield and Mauser, are constantly on our lips, but so little are we a military people that few know their meaning. The object of the article is to explain to commonsense people the meaning of terms such as these.

These articles, with Sir Wemyss Reid's diary, make up the articles that deal with the war. Sir Wemyss Reid this month finds himself on board a steamer travelling to Cairo. The attitude and feelings of the passengers as they travelled from port to port reflected the feelings of the British Empire from end to end. The news of the capture of Sir George White's two regiments met them at Gibraltar, and alike on boardship and on the Rock, the prevailing feeling was one of "horror and consternation." "Worse than Majuba" was the verdict of the seasoned soldiers on board. At Marseilles they found the people in a state of exuberant delight over our reverses in South Africa. At Naples again they found themselves surrounded by an atmosphere of friendliness. On the return journey Sir Wemyss Reid found himself in a new kind of society. Several of the company were fresh from Lord Kitchener's latest expedition against the Khalifa, and were hurrying home to offer themselves for fresh service in South Africa.

Mr. Sidney Colvin has discovered a new dramatist in Mr. Stephen Phillips. The story Mr. Phillips has chosen as the subject of his drama is the often though seldom successfully attempted tragedy of Paolo and Francesca. Mr. Colvin's opinion of Mr. Phillips's powers may be gathered from the following sentence:—"For the sacred fire and the illuminating vision, for originality and virility of imaginative power, for gleams of the diviner charm and tenderness which belong to and are inseparable from impassioned strength, Mr. Phillips's work has stood, to my thinking at least, alone in its generation." Mr. Phillips has been for some time perfectly well known in other fields of poetry, but as a dramatist he was an unknown quantity when it was announced that he had been invited to write a tragedy for the stage. The result of his efforts is, according to Mr. Colvin, "a thing of surprising beauty and power, free from the shortcomings of the author's previous work, and testifying to his possession of quite unexpected gifts."

Mr. D. E. Tobias, a Negro, writes strongly, if not bitterly, on the position of the Negro in America, and above all of the Convict Lease System prevalent in ex-slave States. The writer carefully distinguishes between North and South. In the North and West the Negro chafes under great burdens and battles against tremendons odds, but his life there as compared with the South is in a perfect Paradise. The Convict Lease System in the South leads to the grossest inhumanity. "Women and

young girls are in regular association with men and boys, and for failing to comply with some frivolous rule of the white 'bosses' they are whipped in the most nude manner in the presence of men and boys." "The sanitary condition of the camps is simply vile—dirt and vermin abounding." Immorality, cruelty, and not infrequent lynching, mark the treatment of the poor nigger in the South. Mr. Tobias recognises with gratitude the missionary and philanthropic zeal of the North in behalf of the coloured population of the South. But for the missionary schools established by the Christianity and generosity of the North it is difficult to imagine what the condition of the Negroes would have been.

The Hon. Mr. J. D. Rees, well-known in Madras as an accomplished writer, gives a light and brightly written sketch of a Hindu home on the Western coast. We should imagine that much of Mr. Rees's experience was unique. Certainly in many respects the life depicted can hardly be regarded as characteristic of the typical Hindu home. The freedom of intercourse enjoyed by the ladies of the family as depicted by Mr. Rees is altogether exceptional in most parts of India.

Other articles that deserve perusal are 'Recent Science—Meteorites and Comets', by Prince Kropotkin; "Cromwell and the Electorate', by Mr. J. Horace Round; 'Plagiarism', by Mr. E. F. Benson; and 'The War-Cloud in the Farthest East', by Mr. Holt S. Hallett.

This month's *Fortnightly* opens with an article by Mr. Herbert Spencer entitled 'Professor Ward on *Naturalism and Agnosticism*'. It is a disappointment to find that this is not a criticism by the eminent philosopher of Professor Ward's recent work but simply a few pages to show that Dr. Ward has misquoted or misrepresented some of Mr. Spencer's positions. Mr. Spencer says that he does not wish to criticise Dr. Ward's work as, almost a generation ago, he reviewed a similar philosophy, *viz.*, Dr. Martineau's. It is quite possible that Dr. Ward has misrepresented Mr. Spencer on more points than one, but it is hard to see that the passages in Dr. Ward's book to which Mr. Spencer refers as being unfair to him are inspired by 'a strong animus', or are the result of wilful misrepresentation. The whole article is one which does not show Mr. Spencer at his best. The positions of Mr. Spencer and Dr. Ward are best given in their own words. Mr. Spencer says: "I hold that the Ultimate Power is no more representable in terms of human consciousness than human consciousness is representable in terms of a plant's functions." Dr. Ward asserts: "Once materialism is abandoned and dualism found untenable, a spiritualistic monism remains the one stable position. It is only in terms of mind that we can understand the unity, activity, and regularity that Nature presents. In so understanding we see that Nature is Spirit."

Three articles deal with persons. The first is on 'Robertson of Brighton', and is written by Mr. T. H. Escott. It is most interesting to learn from this article that working men, commercial travellers, and book-keepers are known to have scrimped themselves in order to purchase the new cheap edition of Robertson's sermons. A librarian in the free library of a Midland manufacturing town was recently asked who were the two writers most in demand, and his reply was, "Robertson and Kipling." It was Robertson's lot to minister in Brighton when that town had become very cosmopolitan—not a common thing in the England of that day. Refugees from almost every country in Europe had come over to it, driven to England by the events of 1848. In such circumstances Brighton seemed in Robertson's eyes the Baiae of old. And his sermons were full of cautions and maxims which were called forth by the great change which English society was at that time undergoing. He drew his lessons from Roman parallels. He contended "that a nation stands or falls with the sanctity of its domestic ties; that Rome mixed with Greece and learned Greek morals; that, though the Goth was at her gates, Rome fell not till she was corrupted and tainted at the heart; that the domestic corruption ever precedes

the political; that when there is no longer purity on the hearthstone or integrity in the Senate, then, and not till then, a nation's death knell is rung." It was impossible for Robertson to see how quickly our old insular ideas were to be departed from, but in giving the warning that he did he touched the one point of vital moment. The sanctity of domestic ties has ever been the great binding power in the British nation. In countries where this sanctity is preserved there is nothing to fear from the growth of the cosmopolitan spirit. But where the home gives way to hotel life or any kind of social life where the unit ever remains an individual, and there is nothing of the self-sacrifice that true social life demands, there is everything to fear from the development of cosmopolitan ideas. The America of to-day laments the growth of hotel life, and along with that the lack of the feeling of civic responsibility.

The second article of a biographical nature is one by Mr. le Gallienne on 'Grant Allen'. There is a great deal of praise in Mr. le Gallienne's appreciation, in fact too much of it considering all that Grant Allen did. His great defect was undoubtedly that he thought of humanity in the abstract, not of the actual men and women around him, and that made him advocate views which were far from likely to advance the stability of society. The way in which he spoke of the evils of the present marriage system made his remarks something very like an advocacy of libertinism; and when he tried to set men free from superstition he seemed to be trying to do away with religion. Grant Allen's real forte was his power of popularising science. In connection with this Mr. le Gallienne makes a very good point. People, he says, speak of popularising as if it were a thing of very little merit, and certainly a thing which shows the small mind of the populariser. Mr. le Gallienne's words are worth quoting. "When any one has written history in a readable form—as say Macaulay, Froude, and Green—they are said to 'popularise' history. They are not dull enough to be trustworthy. Of course, the cry has been raised from the remotest time. Dante heard it in his day, when he dared to mould to a literary use a vernacular tongue. The first men who wrote serious scientific and philosophic treatises in any language but Latin—they heard it. The men who turned the Bible into English and German—didn't they hear it? O this dreadful 'popularisation' of hidden knowledge, which only the bats and owls of university libraries were born to!" Grant Allen was possessed of such an extraordinary amount of knowledge that when his friends were in doubt about any point they used to say they would "look it up in Grant."

The third biographical article deals with Sir Harry Smith, who was Governor of Natal in 1848, and who in many particulars resembled John Nicholson of Indian fame. One time Sir Harry went in for a piece of theatrical display when he was trying to gain the submission of some Kaffir chief. His idea was to first of all give his harangue, and then by means of a galvanic battery to ignite some gunpowder under a waggon on a neighbouring hill and thus to blow the waggon up. The waggon, however, failed to explode, but Sir Harry soon after exploded in a most effective outburst of passion directed against a chief who had expressed some doubt as to the real intentions of the British. He immediately drew his sword, and there was little trouble about submission after that. Sir Harry fought in India at Sobraon, and he was the leader in the first pitched battle between the Boers and the English,

Mr. Julian Moore in an article on 'A Lost Principle of Beauty in Architecture' points out that our architecture nowadays has far too much of the straight line about it. The three great temples in Athens were built not on a series of straight lines, but on one of very slight curves. The steps of the Parthenon are not cut with ruler-like precision, but have slight curves in the middle of each step. The principle, so generally acknowledged in the abstract, tnat the straight line is not conducive to the most artistic result, has been largely

overlooked in our century. The sun is not a perfect circle, and the same fact is perceptible in the curvature of the horizon. This principle of nature is followed in Grecian architecture, and may be seen in various English buildings built before this century. The pediments of the Mansion House have sides which are slightly humped. A glance at the walls of Westminster Abbey shows that these walls were never plumbed. No one doubts the beauty of the roof of a thatched cottage. Mr. Moore can hardly imagine a more fatiguing journey than a walk down the straight Champs Elysées, nor one more refreshing than down the unassuming Strand with its pleasant bends to left and right, and little churches placed just where it would otherwise appear too straight and vacant.

'Some Lessons of the Peace Conference' is the title of an interesting article by Professor T. E. Holland. It has at the outset to be admitted that the object for which the Russian Emperor first summoned the Conference—the stoppage of the increase of armaments—has not been realised. Contracts are little likely in the present state of affairs to lead to the reduction of armaments: that can be brought about only by the gradual elimination of the causes of war. One of the Resolutions of the Conference, however, is very satisfactory. It runs thus:—"The Conference considers that the limitation of the military charges which at present oppress the world is greatly to be desired, for the increase of the material and moral welfare of mankind." One thing of distinct practical importance has been done at the Conference. A permanent court for purposes of arbitration is to be instituted. Each country that adopts the proposals of the Conference is to nominate not more than four persons well versed in international law, and willing to act as arbitrators. Those who are thus nominated will be placed on the list of the members of this court for not more than six years, but they may be renominated. Such a court as this, although its jurisdiction is not of a compulsory nature, is likely in time to be looked on as a handy court of reference. And as time goes on it may serve to make more clear what topics must, without reservation, be submitted to arbitration.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin brings to a conclusion his series of articles on 'France since 1814'. In closing he emphasises three points:—first, that the Republican form of government is that which best secures the stability of France; second, that what is most urgently needed is the destruction of the centralisation which the First Republic and Napoleon set up and confirmed; and third, that revolutions and sudden changes as a rule fail to bring about the objects which they aim at.

In 'The Darkest Hour for England' Mr. Sidney Low tells the tale of 1797, when the taxes were enormous and the working classes were in deep distress, when commerce was paralysed by the closing of the ports of France, Spain, Holland, and Italy to us, when the Bank of England had suspended payment, when the three chief European navies were opposed to us, and our own navy seemed on the point of betraying us into the hands of the enemy. It was as if now, France, Russia, and Germany were all in league against us. Yet, amidst it all England remained unshaken in spirit: and that firmness proved its salvation.

Mr. R. E. C. Long is not so afraid of the construction of a Russian railway through Asia as some people are. He considers that while the railway might, in the case of differences between Russia and Britain, constitute a menace to our Indian empire, it is far more likely to minimise the likelihood of such differences by taking more English people through Russia, and more Russians into India, and thus leading to a better understanding between the people of both nations.

The rest of this number of the *Fortnightly* is almost entirely taken up with the inevitable articles on the South African war.